AN ORIENT PAPERBACK

RTY PEREIRA

They Won Fame And Fortune

Sarojini Naidu □ Kennedy
Mahatma Gandhi
Jules Verne
Edison □ Diesel
Samuel Hahnemann
Marie Curie □ Mother Teresa
Marconi □ Edgar Wallace and others

They Won Fame And Fortune

ARTY PEREIRA

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They Won Fame and Fortune

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PREFACE

Readers will find in this book what has never before been provided in a collection of biographies. There are twentyeight brief chapters each covering five to eight minutes of reading time. Readers are urged to pay their debt to those who have helped to make modern living safe, comfortable, progressive and productive.

If you are reading this book under an electric lamp, you probably know that you owe this benefit to Thomas Edison ; if you are skimming the clouds in the luxury of a jet plane, you will perhaps recall that the Wright brothers pioneered this daring achievement. Thousands of victims of crippling diabetes, daily receive the assurance that they are no more doomed to a life of misery because of insulin ; yet how very few of these follow up their relief with a request to learn the name of their saviour.

From the glorious ranks of the great and the good, only thirty are represented here. They all won fame or fortune—some won both. But the facts and features mentioned here, concentrate on their spirit of adventure, enterprising outlook, inspiring lives and astonishing achievements. The variety of this collection is a sheer delight and is sure to satisfy the most demanding reader. The treatment too is

unusual and will leave a lasting impact on the reader.

The contrasts are striking and the similarities singular. Here we read of the temperamental pride of Marquis Marconi and the humility of Elias Howe; the scintillating brilliance of Samuel Hahnemann and the wily wit of Aesop ; the gutless attitude of Stephen Foster and the daring of Ludwig Beethoven who strove to seize Fate by the throat ; Mother Teresa's project to succour the dying and Marie Curie's discovery to save the living. This collection also contains the biography of Mahtama Gandhi who gave up law to become the Father of the Nation and Sarojini Naidu who sacrificed her poetic fame at the altar of politics, Edison who refused to stop with his 1001 inventions and Diesel who declined to go beyond his one ; Jules Verne whose fiction became fact and Hans Andersen who revealed fact through fantasy ; and Zubin Mehta whose dynamic baton won him a National Award and Garcia Gonsalo whose dynamic personality won a heavenly crown.

All this the readers of this book will enjoy and more ; for a touch of novelty is added for spice. Those readers who love psychological and analytical studies of character, will find enough of this, sometimes in the questions that follow. This analysis of character is a valuable aid in understanding ambition and assessing achievement.

In the *Testimony of Two Men*, Taylor Caldwell remarks in the Foreword : "Scores of these heroic inventors and discoverers suffered ignominy, exile, ridicule and dishonour to serve and save us. Some

were driven to madness others to suicide. Yet, they persisted and persevered, forming the endless ranks of those who would be forever unwept, unhonoured and unsung—remembered perhaps only by God."

No more will this sad situation continue. Readers of this book will be reminded of their debt to discoverers and inventors each time they put on a tailored suit, travel by train or airplane, narrate a fable, or feast on a symphony, admire Man's conquest of outer space or deplore the lack of sportsmanship of some professional players in the World Soccer Cup contest.

One thing is certain ; no reader can finish this book and remain unmoved. Shakespeare wrote :

Some are born great,
Some achieve greatness,
And some have greatness
thrust upon them.

To which group shall you, dear reader, belong ? The choice is yours !

ARTY PEREIRA

1

JULES VERNE

He started a new era

In August 1958 the U.S. Navy made history when *Nautilus*, its first submarine to be driven by atomic power, glided under the ice cap and crossed the North Pole. About a hundred years earlier, a submarine also called *Nautilus* had done a similar feat in the imagination of Jules Verne. Before he died in 1905, Verne had written over 50 novels combining travel, adventure and science fiction. He proved to be the inspiration and guide of many great explorers—Admiral Byrd, Simon Lake, Auguste Piccard and Marconi.

That Jules Verne has ushered in a new era is well expressed in these words,"Modern scientists are simply putting into practice what Verne had conceived so clearly and described so vividly in his books. They are turning his fancy into fact !"

On a spring morning in 1880, a man with a red beard called on France's Minister of Education. On seeing his visiting card, the Minister welcomed him :

"Do sit down Monsieur Verne ! With all the travelling you do, you must be very tired." Jules Verne smiled. He was amused to think that even the Minister of Education was under the false impression that Jules Verne, the writer of travel stories and science fiction, was a great and perpetual traveller. While it is true that Verne is the greatest science-fiction writer of our century renowned for his travel books it is surprising that Verne never left his home in France, except for a short trip to Scotland in 1859, an offer made to him by a steamship company.

In his literary travels, Verne had gone round the world many times—once in eighty days, had voyaged 60,000 miles under the sea, had journeyed to the moon twice, and had even explored the centre of the earth. Yet during those forty busy years he had never stepped out of that small room in the red-brick tower of his home in Amiens, turning out year after year one book every six months. If Jules Verne was tired it could only be because of writer's cramp !

To comply with his father's wishes, Jules went to Paris at the age of eighteen to study law. But he soon tired of the pompous legal lore and kept himself on amused by writing plays and poetry. His ready wit made him a favourite in fashionable society and he was frequently invited to parties. But he was usually bored with their stuffiness and nearly always left unnoticed in the middle of the party.

At one such party, he was joined by another guest. At the top of the stairs Jules took a wager with his companion that he could reach the bottom of the

stairs before him. Being an athlete, the other quickly agreed, sure of victory. But he did not know that Verne, in spite of his law studies, was both impudent and devil-may-care. As he ran down the stairs, ahead of Jules, he was shocked to see something whiz past him. Jules had come sliding down the banisters. Jules won the bet ; but he had the misfortune of banging straight into the paunch of a stout gentleman about to ascend.

Jules was all apologies ; but the visitor just laughed. Thus began Verne's friendship with Alexander Dumas author of *The Three Musketeers*. Dumas encouraged him to spend more time on literary work and develop his talent for writing. Together, they wrote a play which had some success. Urged on by Dumas and inspired by his success as an author, Jules made up his mind to become a writer too. He now had a new ambition in life and he knew his place in the world : he would do for geography what Dumas had done for history.

Events Cast their Shadows Ahead : Jules was well prepared for this. He had been keenly interested in geography even in school ; and he had experienced the thrill of exploration too. His brother Paul and he, delighted in exploring the river near home with the help of the family sailing boat. He had the talent and the training ; all that Jules needed now was time.

In God's plan, opportunity always arises as and when needed by those who have done their part of the project by careful planning and adequate preparation. Jules Verne got this opportunity when

his father encouraged him to become a stock broker.

With his financial situation secure, Jules got married ; with a comfortable home life, and the encouragement of his young wife, Jules started on his life's mission.

His wife to the Rescue : To gain writing experience, Jules sat at his desk in the attic from six in the morning. For three hours, he wrote a series of articles on science for a children's magazine. He also joined the *Club for Scientific Writers*. When the Club members made a study of experiments by balloon pioneers, Jules used that information in his adventure novel *Five Weeks in a Balloon* using Africa as a background for thrills and suspense.

Then Jules found trouble where he least expected it. Fourteen publishers returned his manuscript ; and when it came back for the fifteenth time, Jules threw the packet into the fire, in a rage. Fortunately, for the world and for the future of Science and of world progress, his wife rescued the precious manuscript.

She sent it out once more and this sixteenth publisher accepted it. The book proved very popular and soon became a best-seller. The demand was so great that the book was translated into twenty languages. It was now 1862 and Jules had become a famous author at 34. He decided to give up the stock exchange and signed a contract with a publisher which bound him to write two novels a year.

A Variety of Works : There was no subject on which Verne could not write. In his next book *A Voyage to the Centre of the Earth* his characters

descended the crater of a volcano in Iceland to reach their goal. His most famous book is *Around the World in 80 Days*. In *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* he described what is now the submarine and called it the *Nautilus*. Almost a hundred years later, the U.S. Navy's atomic-powered submarine, also called *Nautilus* did almost exactly what Verne had predicted—it glided under the ice cap of the North Pole.

Won many Honours: Jules had now become popular, famous and rich. He had many friends in high positions. Ferdinand de Lesseps, who had just won fame by completing the Suez Canal, was so enthusiastic about Verne's science fiction, that he used his influence to get for Verne the *Legion of Honour*. Verne now had millions of readers spread all over the world ; and his books were even read in distant America. A letter which he prized very much was written on White House stationery. It ended with these words, "My father asks me to mention in my letter, that he has read all your books and he enjoys them immensely." The writer of the letter was the teenage son of U.S. President, Theodore Roosevelt.

But as usual, a prophet is never recognised or honoured in his own country ; and so while he received lavish praise from kings and Presidents in Europe and America, Jules failed to be elected to French Academy. Age and a series of disappointments told on his health. He became a victim of diabetes, and soon his sight and hearing began to diminish.

Fancy Turned into Fact : Very few great men and women live to see the fruit of their labour. God granted to Jules Verne this reward. He lived to see many of his fancies come true. But he never boasted, "I told you so !" Instead he said with all humility, "What one man can dream of, another can do !" Yet no man had ever visualised so wide a field of inventions and scientific machines. It is hard to believe but scientists all agree that Verne wrote about the marvels of the future with fantastic precision and indisputable detail.

He had T.V. working before the radio had been invented ; he had helicopters skimming over the air, half a century before the Wright brothers taught men to fly. There were hundreds of other inventions and gadgets man would develop and the modern world would benefit from : aeroplanes, neon lights, escalators, air-conditioning, sky-scrapers, tanks, guided missiles and submarines. Beyond any doubt, Jules Verne is rightly called the Father of science fiction.

Received his full Credit : It is rather strange that hardly any of his ideas were pirated by unscrupulous inventors or scientists who claimed the originality of its conceptions. But more than that, even the great gladly gave him credit. For example, Admiral Byrd, returning from his flight over the North Pole said that Jules Verne had been both his inspirer and his guide. Simon Lake, the great naval architect began his biography with this sentence : "Jules Verne was the director general of my life and the inspiration of my work." He received equal praise from

Auguste Piccard the balloonist and deep-sea explorer, and Marconi of wireless fame.

Jules Verne died on March 24, 1905. His funeral was attended by the forty members of the French Academy who had at one time sneered at his literary success. Special representatives of Kings and Presidents were present as well as the famous writers, scientists and industrialists of Europe. He was praised on the front pages of the Paris newspapers, one of them said : "France's famous story-teller is dead. It is like the passing of Santa Claus."

Man on the Moon : Jules Verne wrote two books of remarkable excellence about a trip to the moon. Both his books, *From the Earth to the Moon* and *Around the Moon*, foretold in minute detail and indisputable accuracy, many of the difficulties which space explorers faced a hundred years later. In 1865, Verne described a trip to the moon, which he said would take place in 1965. It could have happened in that year if certain setbacks had not occurred. Just imagine what vision into the future Verne must have had ! Let us take a few comparisons of the fiction of 1865 and the facts of 1969.

1. Verne predicted the moon trip for 1965.	1. America's Apollo 11 settled on the moon in 1969.
2. He said the splash down would take place in December on the 29th.	2. America's Apollo 8 splashed in the Pacific on December 27, 1968.
3. Verne had named Florida the	3. America's moon launch was also made

launching site.

4. Verne gave his moon ship a velocity of 36,000 ft. per sec.
5. Verne called his moon ship the *Columbiad*.
6. Verne's Columbiad was calculated to reach the moon in 97 hrs.
7. Verne took the liberty of naming one Frenchman to accompany the two American astronauts to the moon.
8. Verne predicted that the Americans would reach the moon first because of the audacious go-ahead nature of the Yankee !

from Florida, although Cape Kennedy is about 150 miles from Tamya, the location chosen by Verne.

4. The speed of Apollo 11 was 35,533 ft. per sec.
5. The Americans reached the moon in the *Columbia*.
6. Apollo 11 took 103 hrs. 30 min.
7. All the three astronauts were Americans to ensure complete team work.
8. The Americans wholeheartedly agree with Verne and so do we !

2

MARIE CURIE

She chose fame rather than fortune

A shy girl of twenty-four gave up her home in Poland to study science in Paris. She did not know what she would find when she started working on a ton of rock called pitch blende ore. After four years of hard labour, she had extracted from a mountain of ore, one decigram of pure radium. This new highly radio-active element has proved a boon to victims of cancer in recent years. Marie Curie never regretted the price she paid for her gift to humanity.

The Atomic Age of which we boast so much has unfolded a new world to man, but how very few of us know the names of the two people who pioneered what is now called the New Chemistry. It all started in 1891, when a shy young lady came to the famous University of Sorbonne in Paris, France, to study science. She had left her home in Poland to study science, while most girls of her age were studying cooking. Her name was Marie Sklodowska.

While her pretty face and figure attracted the attention of the young men at the University, her

only interest was in Physics and Chemistry. There was a lot of chuckling whenever she entered the laboratory and the lecture room. Even one of the professors remarked : "I see we have a young lady in the class. What is she doing here instead of spending her time in the kitchen ?" But Marie kept on at her work and soon attracted attention by the high marks she obtained.

In 1894 Marie met Pierre Curie, in the laboratory. He was utterly charmed by her womanly grace and fascinated by her knowledge of technical terms and complicated chemical formulas. A year later they were married. With his help she soon secured two University Degrees and a Fellowship ; her next goal was a Doctor's Degree.

While she was searching for a suitable subject one of her guests, Henri Becquerel, mentioned a strange incident. "The other day, I happened to put a piece of uranium ore on a package of photographic plates; inspite of the usual black-paper covering, rays from that ore passed through the black paper and exposed the plates."

In the discussion that followed it became clear that it was not rays from the uranium, but from something unknown in the ore. That night Marie decided on her subject for her Ph. D.—she would discover the unknown element in the ore.

A Long and Painful Search : The search began in 1896 with a quantity of pitchblende, the ore in which uranium is found. Meanwhile in 1897 the Curies had their first daughter. When work resumed in the laboratory Pierre decided to combine his

knowledge with that of Marie's. Their research indicated that pitchblende had two unknown elements. Although they were not yet able to identify them Pierre acceded to Marie's request and one of the elements was called Polonium in honour of her native Poland.

In December 1898 they announced the discovery of two new elements, Polonium and Radium ; but it took forty-five months of hardship and back-breaking labour before they were able to show the world the result of their experiments. A peep into her diary informs us : "In a miserable old shed, we spent the best and happiest years of our lives, entirely consecrated to our scientific work. Sometimes I spent a whole day stirring a boiling mass of pitchblende, with an iron rod nearly as big as myself. By evening my back was broken with fatigue."

In this shed in 1902 the Curies produced a decigram of pure radium, which appeared to be a dull white powder much like common salt. Yet its properties staggered the imagination ; for its radiation proved to be two million times stronger than that of uranium and its rays could pass through the hardest material—only a thick lead container or screen proved able to stop the treacherous penetration of radium's harmful rays.

A New Industry was Born : Plans for making use of radio-active ores had been made in Belgium, America and other countries. But engineers and scientists could not produce the fabulous element unless they knew the secret of producing it. When Pierre received a letter from America, he discussed

it with Marie : "My dear," he said, "this is the choice I have dreaded ! We have now to choose between fame and fortune. We have been offered a huge sum of money for our secret in the production of radium. If we sell our secret we can make a fortune."

Marie reflected a few seconds, then said, "Or we could give it as a gift to the world and be satisfied with fame minus fortune !" Her husband nodded, his eyes full of love and gratitude at this agreement with his own view. And so radium belonged to the world.

France Proves Ungrateful : Honours were heaped on them as recognition came from the Royal Society in London. Then the Academy of Science in Stockholm awarded them half of the Nobel Prize in Physics—the other half going to their former guest, Henri Becquerel.

On 6th December 1904 another daughter was born to them. Eve who later wrote a biography of her mother. In 1905 Pierre was elected to France's Academy of Sciences ; but in 1911 when it was proposed to give Marie the same honour after she had received a second Nobel Prize—this time for Chemistry—the Academy voted it down. What a shameful thing to have deprived Marie this honour on the sole ground that she was a woman. Her daughter Eve records in her biography that her mother failed to achieve the honour for membership by just one vote.

In April 1908 as Pierre was crossing the road, in a heavy downpour of rain, he stepped into the path

of a horse-drawn wagon. In spite of the driver's efforts Pierre was dashed to the ground and the 6-ton wagon passed over him. At six o'clock that evening, when Marie returned home she found a crowd gathered inside. She was stunned by the news. She now faced many years of loneliness.

Her Visits Abroad : She continued her scientific experiments. When she urgently needed one gram of radium to complete an experiment, she had to put if off as it was too expensive for her, but she got it in a strange way and free. In 1921, the women of America collected one lakh dollars and bought one gram of radium to be presented to Marie Curie. They asked only one favour in return. Would she come and accept the gift in person ? So at 54 Marie landed in New York. She was taken to the office of President Harding to receive her gift. In addition she received medals, honorary titles and degrees by the dozen. This visit brought her out of her isolation and she resumed her scientific research.

She Paid the Price : For thirty-five years Mme Curie had handled radium without the protection later provided to those using the harmful substance. She now began to show signs of the radio-active damage caused to her body. She had neglected taking regular blood-tests or avoiding the painful radium burns on her hands. She considered this too trivial a price for the profit the world had gained through the risks she had taken.

Marie paid little attention to the slight fever which began the final trouble; then in May 1934 she suffered

an attack of influenza. She died on 4th July 1934. Two days later, without speeches or a procession, without pomp or pageantry, Mme Curie had her modest desire fulfilled : she was buried beside Pierre in a quiet cemetry, in the presence of her relatives, close friends and the co-workers who gladdened her last days with their love and loyalty.

Marie and Pierre Curie pioneered what is now known as the new chemistry of radio-active substances. This fascinating branch of science has unfolded a new world to man, eager for new knowledge and keen on research. Because of the sacrifice and scientific achievements of Marie and Pierre Curie, the Atomic Age opened its doors to mankind.

3

MARQUIS GUGLIELMO MARCONI

Now speakers have a world audience

Every great invention is the child of many fathers. Heinrich Hertz of Germany discovered that an electric spark could send out magic waves through space ; Marconi used these waves to carry messages in Morse code over great distances and so gave wireless telegraphy to the world.

S-O-S...S-O-S... This distress signal flashed across the Atlantic as Jack Phillips, wireless operator of the *Titanic*, told the world that the impossible had happened, and the giant unsinkable White Star ocean-liner was sinking on her maiden voyage. It had struck against a mountainous iceberg hidden by the Atlantic fog.

April 15, 1912 found 1500 people struggling for life in the ice waters—only 706 lived to tell of that horrible disaster. They owed their lives to one man ; and when their rescue ship reached New York, he was there to meet them. They shouted their thanks : "We owe our lives to you Marconi !" Wireless had won a great victory and Marconi's struggle for re-

cognition was over. He won world acclaim; England conferred on him the honour of Knighthood, while Italy gave him the title of Marquis and made him a Senator.

A Good Start : Marconi was born at Bologna on April 25, 1874. His father was Italian and his mother Irish. The family was rich and Marconi was given a private education. At twelve, Marconi became interested in Physics, Chemistry and Electrical research. At fifteen, as a pupil of Augusto Righi at the University of Bologna, Marconi first read of the wireless waves which could span the earth and he felt the urge to explore their use as a means of rapid communication.

At twenty-one, Marconi started on his life's project. He made use of the findings and experiments of others, of the prediction by mathematician James Maxwell, of the oscillator (transmitter) of Heinrich Hertz the German scientist, of the receiver of the French Professor Branley, of the antenna or aerial of Russia's Alexander Popoff in Kronstadt, the spark gap of his Italian Professor Righi and the conception of the English Lord Kelvin for the exploitation of electro-magnetic waves.

Quick Progress : Marconi started his experiments in 1894 and achieved some success in 1895. Then in January 1896, he was able to successfully transmit a wireless message over a distance of two miles. He had offered his inventions to the Government of Italy but without response. "You may have a better chance in England," his mother encouraged.

So in February, Marconi took his new invention

to England. Till now Dame Fortune had treated him as her favourite son ; he would step into trouble for the first time at this stage. Quite sure of his high rank, Marconi had not bothered to take letters of introduction. But this was the time when Italian and foreign anarchists were threatening Europe with their bombs and senseless violence. The officials of the British customs took him to be one of this group ; and growing suspicious of the strange electrical equipment, destroyed the contents of his two suitcases before he was rescued by an English friend.

His new equipment complete, twenty-two year old Marconi received quick recognition by big business companies and the Government of Britain. So in 1897, a British Company was formed to exploit his inventions and Marconi became a wealthy man.

A Rebuff to Royalty : The rapid pace of progress saw Marconi gain a new success each succeeding year. In 1897, Queen Victoria desired to have wireless communication between her summer residence on the Isle of Wight, and the Royal Yacht where her son (later Edward VII) was recovering from a leg injury. Marconi agreed and 150 messages were sent or received in 16 days at 15 words per minute. Here again, Marconi used the brain-child of another inventor—the Morse telegraphic code established by the American artist Samuel Morse.

One day, British dignity clashed with Italian pride. While passing Marconi in the royal garden one morning, Queen Victoria happened to ignore the inventor's greeting. Marconi in a temper decided to

leave the palace. "Get another electrician !" said the Queen. Only to be told, "The world is full of electrical wizards ; but there is only one Marconi." So twenty-four year old Marconi was invited to have lunch with the Queen and stayed on to complete the task.

The World at his Feet : Success followed success. In 1898, only two years after his two-mile experiment, Marconi's wireless waves bridged the English Channel. The reward was immediate, when a lightship in distress was rammed bya steamer and flashed a wireless message to the lighthouse nearby, the crew members were saved by the lifeboats sent out from the lighthouse.

Time moved on and Marconi kept up an incredible pace by bridging the Atlantic on December 12, 1901 at his first attempt. Honours piled high, crowned by the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1909. Meanwhile, John Abrose Fleming had invented the thermionic valve and this was improved by Lee De Forest. Together, these revolutionized wireless receiving apparatus. Now Marconi could progress on his life's work with seven-league boots.

In 1910, he received a message in Ireland from Buenos Aires 6,000 miles away. His next invention enabled him to generate continuous waves and he succeeded in sending his first message to Australia in 1918. The first World War gave an impetus to Marconi's invention and encouraged him to experiment with ultra-short waves, with the object of perfecting the beam system, by which wireless waves may be directed along a particular channel.

Much progress had been made already in long distance telephoning. And so it was not much of a surprise to the world when, in 1919, the Marconi Company set up the first radio broadcasting station in the world. Though he was getting on in years, Marconi refused to retire. And produced sensation after sensation that surprised the world.

He established wireless telephonic communication between England and Australia, thus circling half the globe over a distance of a thousand miles; from his yacht in the Italian harbour of Genoa, he switched on the electric lights in the Sydney Electricity Exhibition in Australia; he experimented with the wireless remote control of aircraft and ships, with the combating of cancer by electro-magnetic waves, and with the so-called 'death rays.' Then he went on to television.

Marconi was not a pioneer in this field nor did he try to work as much by himself; an army of technicians in the Marconi Company developed the the Marconi television system.

Trip to America : Rarely can an inventor reach the heights Marconi had reached without being invited to America. Marconi made his visits to America and Canada on behalf of his inventions and to establish trans-Atlantic communications on a firm footing. Before returning to England, Marconi visited New York where the American Institute of Electrical Engineers honoured him with a banquet attended by the great personages in American science.

Thomas Edison, who could not be present sent a

message of congratulations. Later, Edison invited Marconi to a lunch at his laboratory. The two men became so engrossed in a technical discussion that Edison forgot all about the lunch. Marconi's assistant Solari, who had accompanied him, was angry more than hungry ; but Marconi calmed him down by reminding him of his size, "Be thankful Solari, a little fasting now and then can have a good effect on your figure !"

Trouble Mounts Up : Flushed with success, Marconi went on with his experiments while neglecting the work of supervision. The research work in England had proved more costly than expected and all the experiments were not as successful as when Marconi was at the helm. Soon the Marconi Company was in financial trouble and London Banks refused new credits. Marconi went to Italy on his way to England ; but the Italian bankers refused to help him.

Back in England, Marconi reorganised the Company and reduced expenses by cutting down the staff and unnecessary experiments. But troubles continued to mount : Marconi's first child died at the age of three months ; German and American wireless companies began infringing his patents ; and the big station at Glace Bay, which had been erected with effort, time and money was destroyed by fire. Did Marconi weep and whine ? The great act differently, and the Marquis Guglielmo Marconi lived up to his rank—he went to his piano and played his favourite melody—a Sonata by Beethoven.

His wife came to console him. "What will you

do now, darling ?" she asked. "That is a simple question and I shall give you a straightforward reply. There is only one thing to do : I must work harder !" And work harder he did. Had Dame Fortune not been his patron when he needed luck most and deserved it least ? He fought in the Courts and won against those who had infringed his patent rights.

Marconi died of heart attack on January 20, 1937. Scientists from all over the world paid the highest tribute to his pioneering spirit, to his scientific honesty and to the admirable perseverance of his research, under good as well as difficult conditions. It is a far cry to that silent age that existed in the world before 1895. Radio and television, with their ever-increasing benefits, have encroached into every sphere of human activity, bringing the world together, reducing time and distance and opening a new world for man to conquer.

In the short span of forty years, Marconi had helped the world to advance an entire age. Time and distance were now the slaves of man and they would work at his command with the magic wand which Guglielmo Marconi handed down before he departed. There is an epitaph which can apply to millions of people in this world. "Buried at the age of 63, but died at the age of 36 !" It must be said of Marconi, however, "He was buried at 63 ; but he never died—he shall live forever."

4

ORVILLE AND WILBUR WRIGHT

The flying brothers

For thousands of years all human attempts to make a flying machine had failed. Yet when the two Wright brothers succeeded, the world refused to acclaim their unique achievement. Man's conquest of the air had ceased to be a fantastic dream : it had become fact through the vision, skill, courage and painstaking perseverance of two men still in their early thirties.

On December 16, 1903 the world went to bed like any other night. There were many who dreamt of air-conquest and flying machines ; but it was a dream they were sure was far from realisation. In America at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, the dawn of December 17th was a dull and dismal day ; yet before 11 o' clock, a star was to rise announcing to the world that the fictitious flights of fancy of giant air-ships speeding through the skies moved overnight from the realm of poetic fancy into prosaic fact.

Two young men had achieved this miracle, and opened a new era for scientists as well as for businessmen and tourists. In the semi-darkness, as a raw north-easterly wind roared in from the Atlantic, half a mile away, two pioneering airmen and five spectators stamped their feet to keep themselves warm. Three days earlier they had flipped a half dollar to see who should have the first chance : heads turned up and Wilbur won. But his attempt failed, so today, Orville took his place in the machine. The five airmen hardly realised that they were assisting in one of the greatest adventures of the century—man's first conquest of the air in a flying machine.

Twelve Seconds in the Air : Orville mounted the machine ; Wilbur, after starting the propeller, pushed the plane to the end of a wooden rail. The machine careered wildly in the whirl of violent wind and came down like a frightened bird 120 feet from its starting place. This first flight with a fiying machine had taken just twelve seconds, scarcely a flight at all. Yet a start had been made and Orville had opened the era of air-conquest. It was Wilbur's turn next and he covered 812 feet in 59 seconds. There was great rejoicing as the first men rushed in to collect the experiences of the pioneering airmen. The Wrights had invited fifty newspaper reporters to witness the trial flight a few days before ; but a strong unfavourable wind had made the trial impossible. Thus the world was deprived of the news when the reporters returned to the city with their doubts confirmed.

This did not worry the Wright brothers as they went on with their trials. In the fourth flight, Wilbur rose 850 feet above the ground and covered a distance of half a mile. Then disaster put an end to further trials : as the airmen were describing and comparing their experience, a sudden gust of wind over-turned the unguarded airplane. They had reached their goal. Why tempt fate by record-breaking attempts ? There was time enough for that.

A year later, Patrick Alexander created a sensation in the London Aeronautical Society by reading extracts of a letter from Wilbur describing a flight of twenty-four miles. But people were still sceptical. The Wrights now stopped flying experiments to devote their knowledge to technical improvements and research.

Scoffers and Sceptics : Several times in this book we shall have occasion to remark on the cocksureness of conceited scientists, who rush into print with the arrogance of infallible prophets. They proclaim to the world that certain experiments are doomed to failure and that certain dreams are attainable. Thus when Professor Langley of the Smithsonian Institution, built an intricate and costly airplane with Government funds, he attracted a group of scientists, but most of them came scoffing with scepticism. They had come to watch the trial flight of this costly machine ; but the machine refused to fly. Professor Langley was disappointed. Not so the scientists—this failure had only confirmed their doubts.

How Edison made them Blink and Blush : A

quarter century before this event, many learned scientists had proclaimed in the press, that Edison's claim to invent an electric lamp was doomed to dismal failure and failures he did have by the thousand. But success came in the end, as indeed it always does, if anyone tries long enough and hard enough. And so on New Year's Eve 1879, Edison turned the tables on a throng of jeering journalists and scoffing scientists, as he transformed night into day by a mere flick of the switch. They could only blink and blush as they stood embarrassed in the silver radiance of a flood of electric lights.

Just before Edison's miracle at Menlo Park had proved his claim, a leading New York editor had arrogantly exclaimed ; "It has been absolutely proved that this sort of light is impossible—it is against the laws of Nature !" Over and over again the perseverance of inventors would prove the incontestable fact, that God has given to man not only the power and privilege but the implied mandate to rule the world by putting Nature to his service.

Awards and Rewards . In the years that followed, flying machines were developed in Europe, and though the inventors advanced very rapidly they were easily defeated in open contests by the machines flown by the Wright brothers. Most scientists and inventors concentrate on their dream coming true. The Wright brothers were also practical. Not until a syndicate had taken over the financial side, did the Wrights emerge to show the world how much they had accomplished. Orville remained in America to satisfy the U.S. Government tests. Wilbur travelled

to France to satisfy the French Syndicate. Success came at the end of 1908, when Wilbur flew for two hours crushing over the excited crowds at a height of three hundred feet. A Company was formed to purchase the Wright patents and the financial burden of the Wright brothers was at an end.

As success followed success, medals and awards from Scientific Societies were showered on them. They never bothered to treasure them ; but pushed them into their pockets with bolts and screws and unpaid bills. One day, Wilbur reached into his pocket for a handkerchief, and a red ribbon fell to the floor. His sister Katharine, a high-school teacher, picked it up and inquired what it was. "Oh that !" explained Wilbur, "I forgot to tell you. That is the ribbon of Legion of Honour that the French Government gave me this afternoon."

They were received with loud acclaim wherever they went. In Europe royalty came to witness their flying feats, and at home huge crowds would gather to see them exhibit their flying skill. They stayed at the head of the aviation world for a long time, making front-page news almost every day. And yet on December 17, 1903 their memorable first flight of twelve seconds went scantily reported. H.P. Moore, a young reporter, heard about the flight and sent out an imaginative report to twenty-one newspapers. Only three editors took the trouble to print it.

Orville loses Interest : Wilbur died in 1912 ; after his death Orville lost all interest : aviation had ceased to be a game any more ; it had now become

a business. And Orville hated business. So three years later he resigned the Presidentship of the Wright Company.

On 17th December 1928 the U.S.A. celebrated the 25th anniversary of Man's conquest of the air. A monument had been erected at Kitty Hawk in honour of the Wright brothers. As Orville stood beside the Monument he was sad and deep in thought. And when the crowd cheered loudly proclaiming him "Mighty Eagle of the Air," Orville's mind wandered over the drifting sand dunes to the year 1903. Once again he shivered as if the cold wind was biting through him. He was thinking of two brave eagles who carried on their aerial conquest, equally indifferent to the jeers and cheers of the world. He recalled, a wry remark made by his father : "My boys, they don't think of marriage ; neither can they afford it : they cannot maintain both a wife and a flying machine. So they must choose ; and I presume it will be the flying machine."

5

MOTHER TERESA

Dedicated to dying destitutes

Those dedicated to the relief of suffering humanity know that their task is always difficult and often dangerous. No thanks expected. No reward promised—except the promise made by Jesus Christ, 2,000 years ago: the promised of a reward in Heaven for all eternity. *The Missionaries of Charity* have a special claim on this reward !

When Pope Paul VI ended his memorable visit to India for the Eucharistic Congress in 1964, there was a lot of guessing about what he would do to his lovely white Lincoln convertible with the flaming red seats. Most people were in favour of his putting the car up to auction and distributing the money in charity, or for the purpose of a monument to commemorate his visit. Pope Paul however had other ideas.

In a farewell speech to the enormous crowd at the Santa Cruz airport in Bombay, Pope Paul VI said : "Before we leave dear India, we wish to give our white car to Mother Teresa, Superior General of the

Missionaries of Charity, to assist her in her universal mission of love for the poor and the dying."

There was no word of thanks from the lucky Mother Teresa, for the nun wearing a cheap sari and sandals was not present to receive the gift worth almost half a lakh of rupees. What was she busy with and where was she ? She was in a suburban slum attending to a dying man. She had found him in a road side ditch and because of his horrible condition, no one would touch him and no hospital would take him. Not one individual of the four millions in the crowded city of Calcutta cared to lift a hand to help this dying man. Except one ! And that was Mother Teresa's preoccupation and privileged task.

A Hint of Heaven : With the help of her co-workers she took the old man to her home for dying destitutes. She and her company of Sisters had been doing this day after day for the last fourteen years—picking the dying destitutes from the streets in the slums, and from the trash dumps of the crowded cities of India, till the dying destitutes so rescued had passed the staggering total of 21,000. To these outcastes the Sisters of Charity brought comfort and consolation and a peaceful death amidst love and affection. It was almost a foretaste of heaven, a heaven they had ceased to believe in.

Who is Mother Teresa ? Is she an Indian and what is her real name? Her original name was Agnes Vojaxhiu and she was born on August 27, 1910, daughter of an Albanian grocer in Yugoslavia. From the age of twelve she had set her heart on serving

humanity. At fourteen some Jesuit priests returning from India, described to her the work of the Loretto nuns in Calcutta, India. A year later she became a postulant in Calcutta. Nine years later she took her final vows and started teaching at the convent high school.

Call to Community Service : But she was restless. Something within her whispered that her real work lay beyond the convent walls and outside the cloister. She acted on this inspiration, and leaving the red-brick walls of the convent, she got permission to work among the poor and destitute. This day the 10th of September 1946 is called by her Congregation the "Day of Inspiration." There was some opposition at first, but finally the permission from the Vatican in Rome reached her in August 1948. She gave up the habit of the Loretto nuns, and put on a white sari with a blue border with a small cross pinned at the shoulder.

Teresa was not one of those who rushed into a project with little thought and less training ; whatever she did she wanted to do thoroughly. So she took up a three-month training course in medicine at Patna under the Medical Missionary Sisters. By Christmas she was back in Calcutta exploring the slums.

She started by opening a slum school in an open field for 23 destitute children. She gave them a good bath in the tank nearby and then taught them the basics of personal hygiene. A government employee Micheal Gomes, gave Teresa a room in his home ; and there she wrote the rules for her future Congre-

gation—Missionaries of Charity.

Cheer with Commonsense : Her first follower was a former student Shubashini Das, a nineteen year old Bengali girl. Teresa explained the essentials: a healthy body, a receptive mind, eagerness to learn, a zest for life and living, abundant commonsense, a cheerful disposition and readiness to do difficult and distasteful work.

Shubashini was followed by many other enthusiastic workers, eager to carry on the work which Mother Teresa had begun. The Congregation has grown to over 600 Sisters managing more than 130 centres in 29 cities of India. There are Mother Teresa homes in Ceylon, Tanzania, Venezuela Australia and Italy.

Invited to Rome : It was Pope Paul who invited Mother Teresa to open a home in Rome for the poor and destitute there. His invitation to Mother Teresa caused plenty of surprise; for Rome is packed with over 22,000 nuns belonging to 1,200 Congregations, many of them dedicated to helping the poor. What did Paul VI see so special in the Missionaries of Charity from India, we do not know; but can only guess.

Perhaps, we can find a clue in a remark made by Mother Teresa, "Other Congregations have begun with the noble idea of helping the poor; then they gradually shift to the middle class; and finally, they find themselves surrounded by comfortable rich. For this reason, we accept no gifts from those we help Personal poverty is a great help in understanding the hardships of the poor we serve."

Branching out Bravely : True charity never grows cold; and like love it blossoms and blooms. Therefore it is not surprising that the Missionaries of Charity are spreading far and wide, warmly welcomed by Church and State so that now the sisters are teaching over 6,000 children in 50 schools, treating about five lakhs of patients in over 100 dispensaries, carrying the miracle drug in over 50 mobile clinics to half a lakh of leprosy victims and giving comfort and consolation to some 2,000 dying destitutes in 13 homes.

Where Does the Money Come From ? Her immense project is supported by small donations from people of India and special committee in Europe and the U.S. school children get a lot of fun enjoying the privilege of helping Mother Teresa by sending gifts of bread from England, milk from Denmark and vitamins from West Germany. May this stream of life-saving food and drugs never end.

Mother Teresa is sure of her supply of small sums of money; they come from her admirers and co-workers all over the world. But when she needs sums totalling half a lakh of rupees, here is what she does; In 1962, one of her Sisters phoned up from the centre at Agra. She explained that an immediate payment of Rs. 50,000 would get for them property worth many times that amount and ideally suited for a Children's Home.

"Wonderful idea, Sister," came Mother Teresa's cheerful voice over the telephone, "We certainly want that property. But we just don't have the money." She hardly put the phone down when the bell rang

again. Mother Teresa was annoyed; but her annoyance soon turned into amazement, as a newspaper reporter informed her, that the Philippine Government had awarded her the Magsaysay Award. She thanked him for the message and laughingly remarked, "Right now I'm more in need of monetary rewards than of mere awards!" "Well, you're getting that too !" came the reply. "How much ?" Mother Teresa asked eagerly. "Will Rs. 50,000 do, Mother?" "Just the amount I need." "Well it's all yours, Mother."

Mother Teresa phoned back to Agra to give the Sisters there the good news. "I guess God wants a Children Home in Agra," Teresa muttered before hanging up. And that is what Mother Teresa has been doing all her life finding out what God wants and then carrying out His plans.

6

FERDINAND de LESSEPS

Good was not good enough for him

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads to a fortune."

These words of Shakespeare have inspired millions of men and women to reach beyond their grasp, when beckoned by bright prospects to fulfil a dream and reach their life's goal. However a stupendous success may tempt man to gamble with his future without reckoning the risk.

This is the sad story of a successful man, who was lured to his doom because he did not know where to **stop.**

The Arab-Israeli six-day war of 1967 continues, with sporadic fighting, far into 1970s. That is the pity with life ! Human conflict, sometimes starting with minor rivalry or envy, often flares up into a major war. As a result of the war, the Suez Canal was blocked to ships; and President Nasser of Egypt lost millions of rupees per month in taxes and tolls.

On the other hand, several nations all over the world suffered considerable hardship and delay, because ships had to take the longer route via the Cape of Good Hope.

Long before the Suez Canal was constructed, engineers had planned to construct a short sea-route, but no one had been able to make this dream come true. Such good fortune came to Ferdinand de Lesseps. He was born on November 19, 1805 at Versailles in France. He followed the tradition of his family, and in 1825 entered the Consular service as assistant vice-consul to Lisbon.

While on the Consular post to Alexandria, Ferdinand first conceived the idea of building the Suez Canal. His ship was quarantined off the port, and to while away the time he glanced idly through some books about the country around. In one of them, he read of the possibility of cutting the Isthmus of Suez in order to link the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. This short cut to the East would reduce the voyage from Bombay to London by over 6000 miles in a total distance of 12000 miles going round the African Cape.

A Man with a Mission : The memorandum he was reading had been drawn up by engineers in 1797, on instructions from Napoleon. Ferdinand was quite taken up with the idea; and his entire life changed from that moment. Instead of continuing his life of pleasure and idleness in the Courts of Royalty, he was now a man with a mission. In this book, there are many similar cases. There is Dr. Roland Ross, who for thirty-five years spent his life to stay in me-

diocrity, dabbling with palette and paints, spinning out romantic verses or mighty epics, and living always in a dream world. Then he met Dr. Mason in London, who gave him a mission: "The world needs a man like you to discover the cause of Malaria and to control this great scourage of humanity." Ross was now a man with a misson. When Ferdinand heard this call to fame he responded promptly.

Ferdinand's one ambition was now to be the man who would construct the Suez Canal. He laid the foundation of his life's goal there and then by becoming friendly with Mohammed Said the son of the ruler of Egypt. Twenty years later, he was to reap the benefit of his friendship. While he was Consul at Cairo, in 1837, Ferdinand distinguished himself by his bravery and enterprise. He was most active during a terrible plague there. Soon he was choosen to go on a secret Mission to Rome, but got into trouble because of the envy of others and resigned. Then one morning in August 1854, he came across a report of the death of the ruler of Egypt ; his friend Mohammed Said was now on the throne. Then luck stepped in and he received an invitation from Said to come to Alexandria. He arrived there in November and was given a warm welcome.

Planning the Suez : Ferdinand had a very persuasive tongue and he soon got the Pasha of Egypt excited about the Suez scheme. Said listened patiently and then thought over it carefully. Finally he uttered just one sentence : "I am satisfied. I accept your scheme." While Ferdinand was congratulating himself on having got over the first

barrier so quickly and easily, trouble came from a most unexpected quarter. The Prime Minister of England with his Cabinet was convinced that the Suez project was a French attempt to obstruct Britain's supremacy of the seas and to introduce French control in the East.

To overcome British opposition, Ferdinand visited England. He influenced public opinion there, and also got round the government. Soon after, a Company was started in Paris, and construction began on April 25, 1859. But problems began to multiply ; Pasha Said died in 1863, and his successor caused Ferdinand a lot of worry by his interference. There was much delay ; but finally the 103 mile long Canal was completed in 1869.

An Opera for the Opening : The project that took ten long years to complete, was marked by magnificent celebrations. The Italian composer Verdi brought out his famous opera *Aida*, written by royal request. It is considered a classic even today. Ferdinand was now on top of the world. Back in France, he was received with full honours by his countrymen who were justly proud of his achieving the impossible.

The money for the Canal had been raised in France, Turkey and Egypt, and the Egyptian government drew up an agreement allowing the Suez Canal Company to recover expenses by means of tolls till 1968. But years later, President Nasser became impatient to get control of the Canal which was Europe's seaway to the East. He broke the agreement and took control in 1956. This resulted in a

war with France, England and Israel. The United Nations ordered a cease-fire and gave Egypt full control of the Suez Canal.

Good was not Good Enough : History might have had a different tale to tell if Ferdinand de Lesseps had been satisfied with his success in Egypt. Not that ambition had gone to his head ; but now he had achieved fame far beyond what he deserved. When the Geographical Society of Paris decided in 1879 to construct the Panama Canal in America, Ferdinand designated head of the enterprise. He was confident of success ; but confidence is not enough. While it is wrong for a man who has achieved great success to retire and enjoy the fruits of his labour, it is also dangerous to take on a new enterprise without enough preparation, planning and accurate information of the difficulties ahead. Ferdinand may have heeded the saying, "The best way to ruin your laurels is to rest on them." Yet he should have realised that age or failing health may make it imperative even for a man who has achieved outstanding success to say in true humility : "Good is Good Enough !"

Before 1914, the shortest way of sailing from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean was around the tip of South America. Many Engineers had dreamt of cutting through the 40 miles of the Isthums of Panama to link the two mighty oceans. Once again it was Ferdinand de Lesseps who had the honour of starting work on the canal. But this French engineer was not to meet with success a second time. He spent seven years but made little headway, for

his workers languished under the scourge of yellow fever and malaria.

Although only half the length of the Suez Canal, three great obstacles proved Ferdinand's ruin :

(1) He was determined to built the canal without locks ; and his success in Suez had made him over-confident and unwilling to listen to the advice of his engineers.

(2) The Culebra and the Chagres, the mountains, and the rivers that barred his path could not be overcome in any other way except by locks. It was his obstinacy and stubbornness that cost Ferdinand his fortune and broke his spirit, through disgrace and the threat of imprisonment.

(3) In addition to the 50,000 workers who are estimated to have lost their lives through malaria and yellow fever because of their unhealthy surroundings, there were also physical obstacles to be faced. Much of the land consisted of solid rock and in some parts went up to 300 ft. above sea level. No engineer could have succeeded in the project with the engineering facilities and equipment then available.

Ruined for Life : A fourth factor, one that had not been expected, was the inefficiency, wastefulness and dishonesty of those who managed the project. No wonder then that the Company went bankrupt in 1888, with debts amounting to 80 million pounds. One third of this had been spent on the Canal, one-third wasted, and one-third stolen. Thousands of investors in Europe and America were ruined and there was a great scandal. The French Government

was forced to institute an enquiry, and de Lesseps, his sons and his assistants were made to stand trial. Ferdinand who had won world-wide fame was sentenced to five years of imprisonment and fined ; but the prison sentence was suspended. He went home a broken man. He died in his ninetieth year on December 7, 1894.

In 1904, the U.S. Government took over the plan. By now, yellow fever and malaria were coming under control, and the engineers had one obstacle less to face. It was decided not to dig up to sea level as this would mean blasting and shovelling 200 million tons of rock and soil. Locks were built instead.

How the Lock System Works : The water from the ocean is pumped into the first part of the canal, and the ship is thus raised in front of the first lock ; the door is then opened and the ship is allowed to pass through to the second lock gate where the water is pumped to a higher level and the ship raised still higher. This procedure goes on because the land below, made up of solid rocks, is practically like a hill, and the ship is, so to speak made to climb on a watery road. When it reaches the highest point, the water in the next lock is pumped out and the level brought down, step by step in each lock, till the ship reaches sea level and sails triumphantly into the ocean ahead.

The Canal was opened on October 10, 1913 by the President of the United States and the journey by sea from Liverpool to the western coast of the United States was cut short by several thousand miles. It must not be forgotten that

the success of the Panama Canal was based on the pioneering work done by de Lesseps. This engineering genius had, by sheer courage and determination, conferred upon mankind two great and lasting benefits.

7

THOMAS A. EDISON

Greatest inventor of all times

In school, little Thomas asked so many questions, that his teacher called him Mr. Why. Later the teacher wrote to his mother "Your son is always asking stupid questions." Rather than see her son's precocious curiosity crushed, the mother took Thomas out of school and taught him at home herself. What a splendid job she did.

Genius, they say consists of ninety-five per cent perspiration and five per cent inspiration. But there is another good definition of genius : *Genius is the ability to do the most difficult thing in the simplest and quickest way.* In my training courses for young workers, candidates are urged to buy the Macmillan Publications, Edison the Inventor, (65p.) and J.N. Tata, Patriot and Pioneer (2.75). Both these great minds achieved the impossible, because they were not hedged in by fancy formulas or scientific taboos. They attacked the most difficult task with simplicity and practical commonsense.

Here is a striking example. One day, when

Edison was busy working on a problem in connection with his newly invented electric lamp, he needed to know the cubic content of an irregular glass bulb. Calling one of his most brillant mathematician he asked him to work out the answer. A week later Edison found the man surrounded by sheets of paper. "Have you got the answer ?" Edison asked him. "Not yet, Mr. Edison, but I shall have it for you by the end of next week." Edison was shocked. "You mean to tell me that all these sheets contain calculations on the problem I asked you to work on ?" The mathematician nodded. "Come with me," said Edison, "I shall give you the answer in five seconds." He took him into his room, filled the irregular glass bulb with water and said to the man "Now measure the water and you've got the answer."

He was always asking "Why" : Till his death, Thomas Alva Edison was always ready to learn something about everything, who knows, but even on the day he was born, February 11, 1847 he might have asked the question, "Why am I here ?" At the age of six, he set fire to his father's barn just to see what would happen. The barn burnt to the ground and Thomas almost got burnt with it. From this he learnt two important lessons : that fire burnt down things and that children should not play with fire.

His second experiment aimed at achieving man's greatest dream—the ability to fly. Little Alva had seen birds fly and wondered why. He observed them carefully, and noticed that their food consisted mostly of worms ; so he reasoned that if a person

ate worms that person would be able to fly. Accordingly he crushed some worms, mixed a little sugar and water and coaxed the servant girl to drink the mixture. She did not fly ; and Edison soon learned why.

Instead of flying into the air the girl fell to the ground and began to vomit. For this third unsuccessful experiment, Thomas got another beating and was sent to bed without his supper.

Forced to leave School : From the age of five Alva kept asking questions—even approached strangers with his questions. In school, his curiosity got him into trouble. He asked so many questions that his teacher often got annoyed with him. Once when Thomas was not satisfied with the teacher's answer he asked for more information, the teacher shouted in anger. "If you think you know more than I do, come up here and teach the class, Mr. Wise-boy !"

Because Thomas was harassed by his teacher, and taunted by his fellow students, his mother took him out of school at the age of eight. For six years she continued to teach him at home, while his father kept on urging his son to read plenty of books, and actually gave him money for every book which he read and was able to write a short report on. Thomas used this money for his scientific hobby—he brought chemicals for experiments in his home laboratory.

Earn while you Learn : At the age of ten, most boys read adventure stories or comics, but at ten, Thomas was reading serious books chiefly on

chemistry. As his experiments increased so did his expenses. So Thomas decided to get a job selling newspapers on a train. Even now most parents in India will not allow their children to earn money by selling newspapers etc. These parents should be informed that the greatest men in America, including some Presidents, and great industrialists in Europe sold newspapers as little boys. This is an occupation that not only earns plenty of money, but also provides valuable training in salesmanship and develops confidence and self-reliance. These are valuable qualities needed for success in adult life.

His Love for Reading : There are many people who are reluctant to change jobs because they are afraid to make a new start. Edison shifted from city to city, not because he was dissatisfied with the jobs he held, but because he finished reading all the books of interest to him in the public libraries of those cities.

When he returned home, at the end of his first day out on a job, he made a profit of five dollars. At supper, his parents eagerly asked him for news about his trip. Thomas proudly placed the five dollars on the table. Then he put a dollar into his mothers's hand saying : "This is for you, Mother. Every night I will give you a dollar from what I earn." How proud she was of her twelve-year old son, and how happy that he was so loving and thoughtful.

Edison the Editor : From newsboy to news editor was an easy step for one with Edison's ambition. He called it the *Weekly Herald*. An English

traveller passing through America was so amazed, that he sent a report to England of this fifteen-years old editor of a Weekly. *The Times* in London printed the story and teenage Edison became famous. *The Times* said that this was a world record, as it was the first time the owner-printer of a newspaper ever printed and sold the copies aboard a moving train.

Let us not get the impression that Edison was a friend of only fame and fortune and indifferent to making friends; he made friends everywhere he stopped, especially with the little children of the station-masters and railway telegraph-operators. He loved childern, and even at the height of his fame, he never missed the play-time reserved for his own children at home.

Countless Inventions : Although he was a keen telegraph-operator, Edison got his first patent in 1969 for his *Vote Recorder*. This was followed by countless experiments, resulting in 1093 patents. When asked what was his greatest aim in life, Thomas Alva Edison replied : "First, I'm interested primarily in futhering the Plan of God. When people are happy they serve God better and with zest; they work with zeal and are more concerned with progress and creative ideas than with envy and destruction. Second, I shall never invent, or help anyone else to invent anything that will destroy human life."

Edison believed that God created mankind to be happy; and so he made it his business to concentrate on inventions, that would remove or lessen the

hardships and handicaps that man was forced to endure in his daily work and his daily living. Many of his inventions have helped to add to man's leisure time. Among Edison's major inventions are the photograph or 'talking machine' in 1878, the moving picture machine in 1872, the electric lamp in 1879 and hundreds of others till 1931. A few months after getting his last patent, Edison died on October 18, 1931 at the age of 84.

What we owe to Edison : As long as we listen to recorded music, get pleasure in a cinema house, travel in comfort in an electric train, or read with the aid of an electric lamp, we are using a gift given to the world through the talent God gave to Edison.

But is it enough to remember Edison? That would hardly make him happy. He gave to the world an example which he wanted us to follow. Inspite of very little formal education, Edison became the best informed man of his time, by reading thousands of books and magazines. With this knowledge, he was able to get the best out of the talent God had given him, and through observation and analysis, combined with hard work and perseverence that streched out through years, Edison became the greatest inventor the world has yet known. He went even furthur; he made it his business to use his entire staff, equipment and experimenting facilities, in order to improve the inventions started by others, for example Bell's telephone and Shole's typewriter.

The path to success is not comfortable or lined with brilliant flowers and shady avenues; the way to success is mostly uphill. If we try hard enough and

long enough, we shall always succeed. Especially if to a mind of information through books and experts, we add keen observation and a desire to learn from our mistakes. We should always remember what Edison said, "If you are too old to learn, you are too old to live." So we must go on learning and progressing to the ends of our lives as Edison did. Then we shall be able tosay with Edison :

"I have lived my life. I've done my work.
Now I'm ready for the great job !"

8

COLE PORTER

Songs to salve his sufferings

Among his possessions were homes in Paris and Venice, a yacht on the Nile and a hired train in Japan. His wide circle of friends included the Duke of Windsor (ex-King Edward VIII), John Barrymore the actor, and Micheal Arlen the novelist. He was the son of a millionaire and he married a famous beauty as rich as himself. It was an ideal set-up for a life of bliss. Then came the blow...

Doomed by Disaster : One day in 1937, Cole was riding with a friend when his horse got frightened ; it reared, then staggered and fell. Cole tried to free himself of the stirrups and get up ; but this frightened the animal all the more and he rolled from side to side crushing Porter's legs. His friend made him sit under a tree and then rushed to call an ambulance. Porter, unaware that he was seriously hurt, pulled out a piece of paper and finished the lyrics of a song he had begun—*You Never Know*—how prophetic that turned out to be !

The doctors examined his injuries at the hospital,

and advised amputation of both legs. In horror, his wife called a leading bone specialist. The specialist gave some hope of saving the legs, but it would mean years of uncertainty, filled with pain and frustration—including the danger of sudden death.

Porter could have been satisfied with his famous wit and his immense wealth to act the invalid playboy all his life. But he decided that the worth of a man lay in his value as a worker. So he set about writing songs, at first for fun and then for fame. In the years that followed operations were performed at varying intervals, one more painful than the other. During those years of pain, he kept writing lyrics and melodies to keep up his spirits. Little did he dream that his lyrics and melodies would change the style of the popular love-songs of his day. He put new vigour and meaning into the songs he composed. Especially in such songs as *Let's Do It, Night and Day, Anything Goes, Blow Gabriel Blow, What Is This, Thing Called Love,* and *I Get a Kick Out of You.*

By 1948 he had endured thirty-one operations in eleven years. But he bore his torture patiently never allowing his moods of depression to affect the cheerfulness of the company around him. To save himself from boredom and monotony, Cole maintained three homes : the Waldorf Tower in New York, where he loved to sit on an extra-wide sofa designed to support his legs at a comfortable angle ; in his favorite red chair by the side of the fire-place in his Massachusetts' country home ; or on a couch beside

his swimming pool in his home in California.

He greeted visitors with delight, and they spent many hours in charming conversation with this frail and elegant man. His friends often wondered why he worked so hard in spite of his tortures, and they marvelled at his self-control and cheerfulness.

Working is my Privilege : When a friend asked him why he worked so hard since he had no need to, Porter replied : "Some people look upon work as a way of earning a living ; some work out of a sense of duty ; to me, working is a privilege. I don't have to ; but I'm glad I'm able to. I just love it. Would you want me to waste the talent God has given me ? A rare gift indeed, and one that has brought me countless hours of fun, a pretty huge fortune and more fame than I deserve. Because of this, I have planned to compose a melody or a lyric every day of my life." He kept this promise made to himself, until 1958.

It wasn't always easy to win the appreciation of others for the songs he liked and valued. For instance, Fred Astaire, for whom *Night and Day* was written, was convinced that the song would ruin him; but Porter persuaded him to carry on. The song later became a hit, as did his *Begin the Beguine*. Tunes were part of his life ever since he was born on an Indiana farm. At the age of six he studied the piano and the violin ; he composed his first song before going to a boarding school. At Yale University, he endeared himself to his fellow students by writing a football song that is Yale's "Signature Tune" to this day. He continued his studies in

Music at Harvard and in Paris. He served a short spell with the French army in the first World War.

A Tribute to His Wife : Like all composers, Porter had a strong streak of sentimentality. In 1954, when his wife Linda was dying, she remarked: "Death does not frighten me ; what I fear most is being forgotten. If only I was important enongh for a flower to be named after me..." One would expect of Porter to name his songs after his wife ; but Porter was more solicitous than that. He wanted to satisfy his wife's wish to the letter. So he arranged for the "Linda Porter Rose" to be developed and the name patented. It was a worthy memorial to his wife's grace and beauty as well as to Porter's love and dedication.

The End Draws Near : Porter was to suffer for six long years more, before death delivered him from his distress. In 1958, he developed a bone disease ; and after the thirty-second operation failed, he was forced to agree to have his right leg amputated. The false leg never seemed to fit and he was in great pain. As he could not get into the mood for new melodies, Porter gave up composing songs.

On his seventy-first birthday he fractured his hip in a fall ; he seemed to recover for a while, then complications developed. Suddenly on 15th October 1964, Cole Porter died. He desired no memorial as his wife did ; he knew that his twenty-seven years of pain and suffering had produced many charming songs and lilting melodies that music lovers would neither neglect nor forget.

9

SIR ROLAND ROSS

He tracked the Malaria carrying mosquito

The Malaria scourge has persecuted man for thousands of years. It hunted the hunter in his mountain cave, and relentlessly pursued nomadic tribes across vast continents. It continued to burn, chill and finally kill millions of men, women and children when they settled down in the dark river valleys of the world. There seemed no hope of relief or cure! Early man resorted to prayer and then to magic; but neither God nor demon seemed to care.

Then centuries later, the first victory was won as European navigators returned from the New World with the Cinchona bark from Peru. But quinine was only part of the answer. Only after Laveran discovered the malaria parasite in 1880 and Ross detected its carrier in 1897 did mankind hope for deliverance from the dread disease.

If a couple of Anopheles mosquitoes fly into your room and settle down, one on each of your arms, how can you know which one is the female of the species? Notice which one sits on your arm with

elegance, her proud tail sticking up with four dark spots on her wings. Before you have noticed this she will have stung you—then you know for certain. Why? Because only the female has an injecting needle which pierces your skin; the blood she draws out is used as a meal to help her produce fertile eggs. The male Anopheles, on the other hand, is completely harmless. He cannot pierce your skin for he is not a cannibal; he feeds on nectar, plant juices and water.

For centuries, the female Anopheles mosquito spread malaria, and killed or crippled one-fourth of the world's inhabitants before she was arrested, accused, tried, convicted and sentenced to death for murderous assaults on the human race. This search for the murderous female is as full of surprises as detective fiction.

Became A Doctor by Accident: Roland Ross was born in India in the shadow of the Himalayas on May 13, 1857. His father was a Captain in the Indian Army. It was a period of anxiety, worry and danger. The sepoys and soldiers of the Indian Army were getting ready to mutiny. Three days later the great Mutiny of 1857 took place. So the family had to hurriedly escape in a bullock-cart, following the regiment of Captain Ross.

Roland remembered his boyhood days very vividly. He recalls his first sight of the stately towers of the Taj Mahal shimmering in the moonlight at Agra. He also remembers the minarets and the temples of Benaras with its great river Ganges and the wide-winged boats skimming over its waters.

When he was eight years old, his father sent him to England as the Indian climate did not seem to suit him. He was a good sailor and enjoyed the four months on sea. Inspite of having the advantage of a fast clipper, the voyage round the Cape of Good Hope could not be cut to a shorter period. The Suez Canal was opened to sea traffic only four years later in 1869.

Roland had a gay time with his uncle and aunt in England. He read the best books and went fishing and bathing. He also got interested in his aunt's aquarium. At twelve he was sent to school. The lessons were dull but the school garden looked lively. Roland often escaped from the class-room to play with the lizards and the frogs. He dreamed how he would write a book describing every known kind of animal and bird. His father was an artist and Roland loved painting too.

At seventeen he had to decide his future career. He wanted to become an artist, a soldier or a sailor; but his father had different plans for his eldest son—he wanted him to be a doctor in the Indian Army. Ross joined a London Hospital, but showed more interest in music than in medicine, and failed his examination. To avoid his father's anger, Roland took a post as a Medical Assistant on a steamship plying between London and America. He had little work and spent his time preparing for his medical examination. He was determined to succeed in the second attempt, and he did.

In 1881, he returned to India after sixteen years and took up a post as an army doctor. He was very

happy that there was hardly any work to do as very few of these men got sick. He spent his time learning Greek and Latin, Italian, French and German. He played the piano and painted gorgeous pictures of the colourful countryside. Time marched on but Dr. Roland Ross stayed still. He seemed satisfied with his professional mediocrity. Then fate took him in hand.

Manson Waves His Magic Wand : Boredom led to breakdown in health, so Ross decided that a holiday in England would do him good. There he met Dr. Patrick Manson, an authority on tropical medicine. Manson tried to get Ross to take his medical life seriously and not let his talent go waste. Ross laughed and remarked : "It is all right. The world can get on without people like me, when experts like you are doing all that is needed !" But Manson said to him : "My dear Ross, it is true that I have brains; but I have one pair of eyes and hands. I need talented and skilled workers and people like you, who can read many languages, to help me prove my theories. Now let us take malaria for example.

For two hours the two discussed the theory of Laveran who discovered the plasmodium, the malaria parasite, in human blood; that was ten years earlier. Then there was Danilewsky, the Russian investigator who had found a similar parasite in birds. "I have a theory that mosquitoes carry malaria," explained Manson. "This is nothing new as you know Ross, but you have a wonderful chance in the malarial infested regions of India to put my theory to the test and either confirm or reject it." The challenge proved

too great for Ross to decline. A spark had been lit, a burning desire created, a goal set forth and Ross was now ready to go to the ends of the earth with Manson as his guide, director, and friend.

So when Ross came back to India he continued the work he had begun in London searching for the carrier whose crime crippled millions of people all over the world. Like all pioneers, he soon lost all sense of proportion; and dedication took the place of dignity. Even on the return voyage, Ross made a nuisance of himself by worrying the passengers to allow him to prick their fingers so that he could examine their blood for the malaria parasite, in his miscroscope on the ship. They did not laugh at him; for most of them knew the havoc created by the deadly disease which ravaged one-fourth of humanity, giving to the west coast of Africa the dreadful title of the White Man's Grave.

Two to Assist Him : With some help from Dr. Manson, he started research on malaria. He engaged two assistants : Mohamed Bux whom he called 'scoundrel' because he looked a bit too intelligent and the pleasure-seeking Purboona. He paid these men eight rupees a month. Bux was to win immortality with his master; but Purboona threw his chances to the wind by vanishing with his first salary. Mohamed soon set to work. He visited the sewers of Calcutta, the drains and the stinking tanks of the slums catching the mosquito with grey, brown and green dappled wings. Which one of them would prove to be the killer ? No one knew; but the killer would have to be a mosquito; for it was well-known

and later convincingly proved by Giovonni Battista Grassi, that the world had areas with mosquitoes in abundance but no malaria, yet Grassi stressed the fact that wherever there was malaria there were mosquitoes in abundance.

Because the Russian investigator had discovered the malaria parasite in birds, and because Dr. Ross had neither the money nor the influence to obtain human volunteers or paid guinea-pigs, Ross decided to use birds for his experiments. And so Mohamed Bux began collecting sparrows end larks and crows. He stocked them in a room, but at night a new problem crept up as the silent cats crawled stealthily into the room. However, Bux lay between the cages, and with his bed on the floor slept with one eye open so that no cats would steal away his pets.

The First Step : Soon the experiments began to pay dividends. The mosquitoes fed on the sleeping birds by creeping under their feathers. The next step was not difficult. The mosquitoes were allowed to feed on birds having malaria parasites teaming in their blood-streams. Mosquitoes fed on these malaria victims and filled themselves with infected blood. Then they were trapped for examination. Days later, Ross dissected these mosquitoes and found that the microbes from the malaria bird had grown in the walls of the stomach of the grey mosquito—just as the microbe of a human victim grew in the walls of the stomach of the brown-spotted-winged mosquito. Ross was delighted. He wrote to his director Dr. Manson and gave him the good news. He added a P.S. to his letters, "What an ass I have been not to

have followed your advice to work with birds before this."

But the climate of Calcutta and the twelve hours he spent glued to the microscope, was telling on his health. When the malaria parasite seemed to swim in human blood, Ross decided to give up, at least for a time. But his four years of research had been well rewarded, and Ross was not one to take chances. He told everyone he knew in Calcutta of his achievement. He wrote a long report to Dr. Manson, and he sent a letter of gratitude to M. Laveran : "Permit me to conclude this letter with an expression of satisfaction that after three years of labour, I am at last able to make this announcement to you, who not only originated the correct knowledge on this subject, but from the first divined that the mosquito is connected with the propagation of the malaria parasite."

Fame at Last : Ross hurried back to his microscope, so as to gain a decisive victory in the last stage of the great battle. He was spurred on by the fact that the British Medical Association was to meet at Edinburgh in July. At that Congress, Dr. Manson praised the work done by Ross and stressed the great progress in the conquest of malaria. He described how research workers all over the world had been searching in vain for the elusive malaria microbe, and how Dr. Roland Ross alone, obscure, laughed at but tenacious, had tracked down the malaria microbe from the blood of a bird through the belly and body of the female Anopheles mosquito, to their dangerous position in her stingers, ready to

be injected into the next bird she fed on.

There was silence, as the doctors became aware of the stunning importance of this great discovery made by one man. But medical men who attend Congresses do not go about excitedly waving their hands. They passed a dignified resolution congratulating this unknown Major Roland Ross on his "great and epoch-making discovery." It was taken for granted that what applied to birds also applied to men. The British Government thought likewise and Roland Ross was asked to close up his experiment and be satisfied for his crowning victory of July 9, 1898.

For the third time, he was called away from his research in malaria—this time to study kala-azar. On the morning of August 13, Mohamed Bux and Roland Ross released their feathered prisoners. Bux made a floral speech in Hindustani : "May your little souls go on living for ever, my favorite feathered friends, and may you have eternal joy with the flowers and berries here on earth, and in the heavenly paradise forever !"

Grassi Takes Over : Giovanni Batista Grassi was a very distinguished Italian authority on white ants and was keenly interested in the mosquito theory in the control of malaria. He had not yet known about the experiments Roland Ross had conducted. Long before Ross, Grassi had carried out experiments but because he had used the wrong mosquito he had failed.

Early in 1898, ignorant of the triumph of Ross, Grassi decided to go back to malaria research. It was a major problem in Italy as millions of workers

in the lush lowlands caught the disease and thus Italy's richest farms were often deserted. The politicians asked Grassi to do something about it on the arrival of Robert Koch, the man who had won world fame for his control of tuberculosis. In October 1898, however Manson had written to Ross, "I hear Koch has failed with the mosquito in Italy, so you have time to grab the discovery for England." But Koch disagreed with Grassi and gave up the malaria research. Meanwhile Ross had been switched on to the study of kala-azar control.

Grassi set about to work in a systematic way. He started a survey of malaria-infested areas. At last luck came his way. He was informed that one particular mosquito, named Zanzarone by the local residents was the culprit.

The naturalists had named her Anopheles and this was to be Grassi's prey. He pounced on the blood sucker in halls and kitchens, and in parks and shady lanes. He shuffled behind Italian lovers in the dusk and slammed the mosquitoes on their necks. He never apologised, for he considered it a national service.

Then Grassi came across the experiments of Roland Ross made on birds. Pretty crude stuff, he called it ; but soon he discovered that Ross was right. The microbe of human malaria, in the body of the Zanzarone mosquito, did exactly the same thing that the microbe of the bird malaria had done in the bodies of those mosquitoes which Roland had identified as the malaria carrier.

Unfortunately for Grassi, he ignored the research

and successful findings of Dr. Ross. He took all the praise for himself saying. "I have discovered that the Anopheles mosquito is the carrier of human malaria." Grassi received enthusiastic praise ; he was the chief guest at society banquets and was made a member of the Italian Senate. But he was not given the Nobel Prize—that went to Sir Roland Ross, who had destroyed his health in order to discover the killer and give man the freedom from one of the major scourges of humanity.

10

DIESEL

His machines circle the world

Inventors, authors and composers have more success if they concentrate on creative work and leave the management of their affairs to reliable agents. Diesel may have invented many more useful machines if he had not spent so much time expanding the export side of his engine. He came to a sad end by attempting to increase his publicity funds by speculating in property.

Imagine a boy brought up in Paris and then taken by his parents to England, and from there, sent all the way back to Bavaria to attend a German School at the age of 12. This was the background of Rudolph Diesel. After his studies in Munich, he began work in Switzerland as an engineer.

This common beginning had a mysterious end. In September 1913, Diesel visited the World Exhibition in France, where his diesel engine held a celebrated position among the great inventions of the time. He left on September 29, on his way to London to meet some manufacturers and confer with

the British Admiralty.

He spent the night with two friends ; and when they left for their staterooms, Rudolph was in the best of spirits. He wished his friends good night and promised to meet them in the morning. He was never seen again. Rumours continued to mount, and grew malicious when World War I broke out the following year. Some people claim that Diesel had been killed by German agents, to prevent him from sharing his technical secrets with the British Admiralty. It was many years before the mystery was cleared up, but never completely.

Brilliant Student : Born in 1858, Rudolph Diesel won fame as a brilliant scholar. At the Munich Technical School he broke every academic record at the age of twenty. He married and settled in Paris, working on ice-machines. At night, he spent hours in his laboratory at home, working on plans for a new kind of engine.

At thirty-five he had completed the theoretical part of his dream machine. He took out a patent and had the work published in 1893. Engineers began to tease him about his "paper-engines" because the idea only existed in a little booklet, and not even a working model had been constructed. Diesel knew that very few men of his time could grasp the simplicity of his new machine, or be willing to gamble on its potential as an industrial success.

Krupp Knew Better : It was Krupp who finally agreed to finance the invention ; and in August 1893, Diesel's first motor was ready for test. It took

Diesel four more years for improvement ; then he invited the world's most famous engineers to Augsburg, to see a 20 horsepower motor that amazed them with its simplicity and almost perfect efficiency. It immediately earned the name of the diesel engine. Thus Rudolph Diesel's name has become a common noun—a tribute enjoyed by very few inventors.

Runs on anything : The unique advantage of a diesel engine is that it can use the crude form of petroleum, which is extremely cheap. At the start, Diesel demonstrated that his engine could run on almost anything : powdered coal, castor-oil, fish-oil, cotton-seed oil and tar ; even butter-milk was used successfully.

In fifteen years Diesel became rich and famous. A fortune flowed from the Diesel plants in five countries ; from their assembly lines came lorries that rumbled along the highways, diesel oceanliners that cut through the seven seas, and diesel-powered airplanes that crossed the blue sky, while diesel tractors ploughed the fields below.

In 1912, Diesel visited America and predicted the great future of his engines. At that time the U.S. was not very interested as refined petroleum was quite cheap in America ; but soon diesel engines were driving American streamlined trains, and sleek luxury buses.

Then the End : A year later, Diesel was dead. A weak after his mysterious disappearance, a Dutch boat pulled a body aboard, the face could not be recognised ; so they removed the contents of the

pocket and dropped it overboard. These were later identified by Eugene Diesel as being the purse, the pocket-knife and the spectacle case belonging to his father. In a biography of his father written by Eugene, the mysterious death was finally cleared up. Diesel had not been killed by German agents. He had deliberately committed suicide, to extricate himself from a desperate financial situation, that he imagined could spell ruin to his name.

Government spent millions of rupees in providing free education up to the primary standard for every child. Later on Government Education Departments subsidize Schools and Colleges so that higher education and graduate degress can be obtained at a price that can be afforded even by middle class families.

Lack of Emotional Maturity : Thus mental maturity is almost assured by the time young men and women reach physical maturity. But what about third requisite—a factor so essential to the achievement of happiness ? This is the little known development of *emotional maturity*. Yet it was the lack of this that brought about the premature death of Rudolph Diesel at the height of his success, when his invention was proving its worth in profits and popularity throughout the world.

The development of emotional maturity, through training in psychology, would have helped him to control his stubborn pride. He would have understood that asking for an industrial loan in a business deal is not an embarrassing acknowledgement of personal bankruptcy. He owed money to the value

of ten lakhs of rupees—expenses incurred in fabulous promotion programmes, calculated to push the diesel engine to even greater popularity. But he miscalculated, and this, together with his speculation losses in Munich house property, brought him face to face with bankruptcy.

A Momentous Mistake : Instead of seeking loans from industrial magnates he mortgaged all his property. This was the wrong answer to his problem. When Diesel died his assets were worth only half a lakh of rupees. He had foreseen this ; and the impending financial catastrophe drove him to his death.

Exclaimed one millionaire manufacturer : "If Diesel had only said one word about his predicament, a dozen of us would have rushed to his rescue and helped him out of his mess ; but his stubborn pride forbade it." Still, the conclusion of suicide is based on conjecture. His son Eugene reveals, that for some time previously his father had discussed with him methods of suicide. Hardly dreaming that his father was serious, Eugene remarked that he thought the best way was to jump off a fast moving liner. When Diesel left for England, his farewell to his family was exceptionally affectionate. In the channel crossing, he had maintained a forced cheerfulness up to the very last. Later that night, Diesel had probably returned to the deck. Before him lay the vast ocean, and in its dark waters, he probably chose death rather than disgrace.

11

ELIAS HOWE

A boon for housewives

His noblest gesture was his refusal to review his patent rights in 1867. This meant a loss of several million dollars. "I don't want to make more money on my invention!" he said. He richly deserved this tribute paid to him by the Court in 1854. "The patent of the plaintiff Howe is valid... There is no doubt whatsoever that the blessing, which his sewing-machine has brought to the world, is due to the persevering labour and inventive talent of Elias Howe."

A certain successful businessman was being interviewed by press reporters. "What is the secret of your success?" they asked him.' 'It is very simple," he answered. "Jump at every opportunity," he explained. "But how does one know when an opportunity arises?" "You can never know. Therefore you must keep on jumping!"

That was what Elias Howe kept doing till the right opportunity came his way. He was the son of a farmer who started work at six, after a few years of

schooling. In order to relieve his parents of one dependent, Elias left home and decided to take a job. He got a job easily and became an efficient mechanic. Davis, his boss, often had visitors who came to him for technical advice.

One day in 1841, two mechanics came to him for help, in connection with a knitting machine for making fishing nets. Davis gave them this advice, "Stop wasting your time on a knitting machine. If you want to make plenty of money, invent a sewing-machine." Elias Howe was passing the office door and heard what his boss had said. That was the idea he had been waiting for. He jumped at this opportunity and used it for fame and fortune.

From System to Success : Howe was no fool. He knew what was ahead of him, but he was prepared for the years of toil and trial. Although he was married and had a child, he gave up his job with Davis and started to build a model of the sewing-machine he had in mind. He visited libraries and studied technical magazines which described the various attempts of previous inventors, who had attempted to make a sewing-machine. Howe knew that only through systematic work could he win success. There was already a clamour for a sewing-machine, as the textile trade expanded and the demand for cloth increased.

They gave up too Soon : Fifty years before, an English cabinet-maker, Thomas Saint, had taken out a patent for a sewing-machine which was sound in principle ; it worked with chain-stitch, an automatic clothmover, and a reel of thread ; but no

practical model of it was made. Around 1814 an Austrian tailor, Josef Madersperger, improved the Englishman's machine and fitted with two needles, but he discontinued his experiments for lack of funds.

Around 1830 a French tailor, Barthelemy Thimonnier, built another machine. He might have perfected his invention if his machine had not been destroyed together with his workshop by an angry crowd of unemployed tailors. A few years later, a New York inventor, Walter Hunt deviced a lock-stitch machine, but feared that his invention would put tailors out of work. So he discontinued his project.

Opportunity helped Howe : But the textile trade demanded a quicker turnout of clothes ; and hand-sewing methods could not meet with the rapidly growing population. Howe was thus encouraged to go ahead with his invention, despite the lack of success of his predecessors and Thimonnier's narrow escape from death at the hands of the angry tailors.

In 1844, as Howe passed the house of a weaver, he watched him at work on his loom, near the window. Howe himself had operated a loom years ago ; but this time he noticed something different—and what he saw gave him the idea for his new machine. Howe ran home and started a new model. He worked in wood ; but when George Fisher, a former schoolmate, came to visit him, he offered to finance Howe's invention. So Howe and his family went to live with Fisher in Boston. In 1845 a model machine which could make 300 stitches a minute

was completed. As a token of his gratitude, Howe sewed a suit for Fisher on his new machine. The stitches were so smooth and durable that Fisher determined to have it displayed in public.

A Lively Contest : In order to attract a large public, Fisher arranged the demonstration as a contest. Howe's machine against Boston's five fastest seamstresses. The hall was filled with tailors, seamstresses and the curious public. The jury had little doubt about the winner : not only had the machine worked five times as fast as the five seamstresses but even the work turned out had been neater and more durable.

But success in a project is not the same as success in business. No one was prepared to buy the machine and Fisher refused to add to the 5,000 dollars he had already lent. Howe returned home despondent and disappointed, but his father was not able to help him and so the inventor was forced to take up a job as an engine driver.

Then came a second helper ; Elias' younger brother offered to go to England to try and sell the machine there, but he had no success and finally sold the model and rights for the trifling sum of two hundred and fifty dollars to William Thomas. But Thomas turned out to be a cheat and he refused to pay Howe the agreed licence fee for the machine sold in England. Then he invited Howe to England to perfect the machine and once again he proved a cheat and Howe returned to America. Unfortunately he was forced to pawn his American patent for enough money to book a passage home.

Cheated Again : On landing in U.S.A. Howe was surprised to see headlines in the newspapers : *Sewing-machine—the great new invention.* He was overjoyed till he found that his name had not even been mentioned. He had been cheated out of everything—his model, his patent, his rights. But he refused to give up the struggle.

Meanwhile American firms were producing sewing-machines similar to Howe's. Issac Singer, had seen a crude sewing-machine in a Boston repair shop ; he built a better model and obtained a patent in 1851, five years after Howe had got his patent. Nevertheless, Howe filed a suit against Singer and other manufacturers. He won the case, the Court awarding him royalty on every machine produced by a manufacturer.

As the demand grew, more machines were being made in Europe than in the U.S.A. This was the chance Howe had been waiting for. He taught Thomas, the cheat, a good lesson. He obtained the right of demanding a licence fee for every sewing-machine imported into U.S.A. Millions of machines were now being manufactured in several countries and almost every housewife could now afford to lighten her burden with the help of a sewing-machine.

Unlike most people who become selfish with power, and rude with riches, Howe decided to make a gift to the world of his invention. "I don't want to make more money," he said as he refused to apply for renewal when his patent rights expired in 1867. Soon after this, when he attended the World

Exhibition in Paris he received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. A few weeks later, he died at the age of forty-eight.

12

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

His garden was a fiction factory

Both Sherlock Holmes and Perry Mason have taught me to observe closely, analyse carefully, decide firmly and act promptly. All of us can benefit from them; they suit every age and help to solve life's problems by developing our analytical ability and self-assurance. If you haven't yet read one of Stanley Gardner's murder mysteries, you should rush to the library, as soon as you come to the end of this short biography. He was the most popular and productive crime and courtroom writer of our times. Over 150,000,000 copies of Gardner books have been sold in 20 countries, with over 100 titles.

At 74, when men are pottering around their gardens, satisfied with sitting on parkbenches with their grand-children, Gardner was under contract to deliver four Perry Mason books and two books by A.A. Fair each year. Stanley Gardner developed such a facile style that he could complete a full-length mystery within a month. His books under his penname A.A. Fair are not as good as the Mason stories.

A Variety of Interests : Unlike most writers Gardner devoted only a portion of his day to his literary work. This gave him enough time for hobbies and sports and for developing the Perry Mason television shows, which proved popular in thirty-four countries. Gardner loved to spend time on his 3,000 acre ranch in Southern California. He called this the "Gardner's Fiction Factory," a description which horrified sensitive writers and critics, but delighted Gardner. He was always realistic about the facts of life. "I say what I please," he explained. "And I do what I like." Six secretaries pounded typewriters, and transcribed Gardner's booming voice from his dictaphone. He never wrote in long hand, he dictated everything.

Gardner Educated Himself : While still a youngster, Stanley was made to leave the local school because his practical jokes proved unpardonable. He finished his schooling in a distant town, but decided not to go to college. Instead, he read law in the offices of attorneys and get himself admitted to the Bar.

From the very start, Gardner concentrated on defending the under-dog. Though it was not profitable at the time, it gave Gardner a vast background of court experience. Because his client lacked money, Gardner had to resort to legal gimmicks in order to win many of his cases. The absence of sufficient witnesses and the lack of evidence, obtainable only through research and costly enquiry was counteracted by his courtroom tricks

which he later dramatised in his novels.

Gardner did not take up to writing from the start; he had tried several business ventures before he took to literature. His love for murder mysteries led him to try writing one of his own. When *The Shrieking Skeleton* was published by a magazine in 1923, he found the 160 dollar payment too attractive a lure to resist. Soon he began to deluge the editors of magazines, with murder mysteries at the rate of three a week. His prodigious output of crime stories and courtroom drama gave Gardner enough vicarious pleasure; and it ultimately led him to give up practising Law.

Birth of Perry Mason : While his crime stories increased in number, Gardner's literary output still lacked hallmark. Then at a publisher's suggestion, Gardner invented Perry Mason, the intrepid and ingenious attorney for the defence, who never lost a case. The legal gimmicks and courtroom strategy used by Gardner in his early legal practice, now entered into his murder mysteries.

The first Perry Mason story *The Case of the Velvet Claws* was published in 1933. It proved so popular that Gardner's rise to fame was assured. Every Perry Mason mystery follows a pattern, in which the defence attorney gets himself involved, and takes fantastic risk in order to unravel the mystery which has baffled police and prosecutor alike. While they are satisfied with the evidence easily available, Perry Mason digs deeper into the mystery. According to Mason, the clever culprit takes good care to provide circumstantial evidence, that covers

his own guilt, while it misleads those investigators who plunge into the solution of a crime, with preconceived ideas of how it has been commited.

So Perry Mason make it his business to ferret out the true facts. He never discloses his information and on the contrary, misleads his opponents. Then when it appears that he has practically lost his case, Perry Mason solves the murder in a final dramatic courtroom scene.

The Court of Last Resort : This was originated by Gardner and Harry Steeger, editor and publisher of *Argosy*. It was set up to help the innocent victims of injustice in the courtroom. Here also Gardner used the dramatic method in order to expose the defects of the existing system of criminal jurisprudence. The press devoted these disclosures and gave Gardner wide coverage. This quick, cheap and easy way of rousing the public conscience obtained in the release from prison of a score of innocent victims of injustice.

Why is it that people never tire of crime stories and detective fiction ? According to Gardner, people derive moral satisfaction from seeing innocent victims of circumstances triumph over the evil forces surrounding them. Besides, a detective story is a stimulating mental exercise.

A Balanced Reading Diet : Many leading scientists have confessed that they read detective fiction. No one should consider his library complete, unless it contains Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes series, Baroness Orczy's inimitable *Scarlet Pimpernel* and Erle Stanley Gardner's *Perry Mason* classics.

Among my Perry Mason favourites are : *The Counterfeit Eye, Murder Up My Sleeve, The Backward Mule, The Lonely Hearts Club*, and others published between 1935 and 1945.

Stanley Gardner's death in 1970 has been deeply felt by millions who derived profit and pleasure from his Perry Mason mysteries as well as by the millions who watched the Perry Mason TV show in nearly forty countries.

13

SAMUEL HAHNEMANN

Modern miracles

"Live your life, so that when you die, even the undertaker will be sorry !" Not many of us can reach that high standard; but all of us can live such that when we die we can say with Hahnemann "I have not lived in vain !" This book describes many pioneers who advanced medical science; but Hahnemann is unique. Read on and judge for yourself !"

About 4.20 on the morning of December 11, 1967, the people of Maharashtra sent fervent appeals to heaven, beseeching God to forgive their sins and save them from death and disaster. An earthquake had shaken up their cool complacency and filled them with the dread of doom ; but forty seconds later, when the tremor subsided, life quickly returned to normal. But not for all.

One of those who continued to fear for the future was the mother of three children. She refused to do any work in the morning, any cooking or preparing the children for school, unless she satisfied herself, from the newspaper that there was to be no earth-

quake that day. The husband came to me for advice. I offered to treat her with homoeopathic drugs; and if that did not suffice we would recourse to hypnosis. In four weeks, and after a few homoeopathic doses, she was back at her household duties, with the dread of earthquakes completely forgotten.

Treating for Shock: When faced with sudden death, most people are unable to bear the shock. A mother losing her only child ; a husband deprived of his yound bride; and a widow deprived of her only means of support—no amount of verbal assurance or argument can restore calm to people in such distress. Yet a few doses of Ignatia 30, not only help them get over the shock, but actually restores fortitude and instils courage.

A newly married woman, unable to bear the shock of the sudden death of the mother she adored, suffered a series of hysteria. Her husband was distraught; he even imagined it was some kind of possession. Once again, Hahnemann's gift to humanity came to the rescue. She was restored to normal, by putting three homoeopathic pills inside her lower lips during the seizure, while three men held her down with difficulty. What a boon it was, to find that a cheap and easily available dose, could restore her to normal.

Who Was Hahnemann ? Samuel Christian Fredrick Hahnemann was born on April 10, 1755 at Mieseen in Germany. His father was a porcelian painter; but young Hahnemann was eager to become a doctor ; and at twenty he left for Leipzig where he took up a job to pay for his medical training.

His exceptional talent soon attracted Dr. Von Quarin, physician at the court of Maria Theresa. He got the young man appointed private physician to the Governor of Siebenburgen, even before he graduated in 1779. Although only twenty-four, he was appointed surgeon-in-chief of the Central Hospital in Dresden. Three years later he got married.

Filled With Frustration : Although he was a leading physician and surgeon, Hahnemann saw more and more evidence of the harmful effects of the methods used in medical treatment in his time. What with purgings, blood-lettings and blisterings, those patients who recovered, did so inspite of medical treatment not because of it. Dissatisfied with such drastic methods, young Hahnemann, after doing his best for eight years, decided to abandon the practice of medicine, and to earn his living through translating books, etc. He was a brilliant linguist with a fluency in fourteen languages including Arabic, Hebrew, French, Italian and English.

His decision is all the more commendable considering that he had a family to support; besides losing the huge income from a flourishing practice, he also deprived himself of the esteem of his patients, and the admiration of his fellow doctors. His translations earned very little money; and at thirty-five, he was struggling in a single room with his wife and five children, in dire poverty and utter distress.

God Rewards This Seeker Of Truth : But though the distress of his family affected him very deeply, Hahnemann did not regret his decision. He was a seeker after the truth; and his sincerity and delicate

conscience would not permit him to return to medical practice, wherein he would deceive himself and his patients. God rewarded him for his honesty; and inspired him, through an experiment, to discover a new system of medical treatment, by which he would serve humanity for all time.

It happened in this way : While translating from English to German, the "Materia Medica" of Cullen, the Scottish physician, Hahnemann discovered the new method of healing called homoeopathy ! *Homoeopathy* is derived from two Greek words *homoios* meaning like or similar and *pathos* meaning suffering. (Note the 'oeo' when spelling the word).

A Successful Experiment : The word was used by Hahnemann, because any drug chosen by this method, to cure a certain diseased condition in a patient will produce a state of sickness, similar to that disease, if the drug is given in repeated doses to a healthy person. In the book he was translating, Cullen had mentioned the cure of ague by the use of cinchona bark (quinine) ; but his explanation of its action on the human body did not satisfy Hahnemann, who decided to experiment on himself. He took four drachms of quinine twice a day for some days.

Imagine his amazement when he was seized with an attack of chill and a feverish feeling—the exact symptoms of ague, which is generally cured by cinchona bark. This experiment was to Hahnemann, what the falling of the apple was to Newton. Hahnemann's keen observation led him to see a connection between the facts that cinchona bark

which cured ague in sick people, caused similar symptoms to appear when taken experimentally by a healthy person. This principle had been first enunciated by Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, 2,300 years earlier—*"Similia Similibus Curantur"—Likes are Cured by Likes.*

Remember 1796 : In the six years that followed, Hahnemann made hundreds of experiments, before proclaiming to the world his discovery of a new method of curing sickness and disease in 1796. This announcement was treated with scorn and ridicule by most of his former medical colleagues. So Hahnemann provided more proof of the success of his new system of treatment. But the more Hahnemann succeeded the more he was hated by those who still practised the system of medicine he had abandoned. Hahnemann was driven out of every city where he tried to settle down. But their persecution only urged him to make his science perfect. His cures were miraculous, so his fame spread, and inspite of the persecution, the new science received countless followers all over Europe.

The Only Positive Medical Science : Homoeopathy claims to be the only positive medical science known to man. This is because Homoeopaths select their drugs, when treating a particular case, on symptoms which match a drugpicture collected from provings, made on healthy people. What are provings ? The old school of medicine, even to this day, depends for the success of its methods on experiments made on mice, rabbits and guinea pigs. Homoeopathy bases the curative value of its drugs, on experiments

made on healthy human beings—called provings.

How It Is done : A group of volunteers, called provers, are given daily doses of drug unknown to them ; and the effects of this dosing are carefully recorded by medical experts. These effects called symptoms are tabulated. When a homoeopath has to cure similar symptoms in a patient he uses the drug which caused that set of symptoms in the provers.

The first prover was Hahnemann himself ; later eminent medical men, converts to homoeopathy, joined him in proving more drugs on themselves. Provings are still carried out to this day, thus increasing the array of drugs available to homoeopathy. Over 2,000 drugs have been proved.

Believe It or Not : Strange indeed are the sources from which homoeopathy derives its drugs : arsenic, asparaguas, betel-nut, charcoal, cobra poison, deadly nightshade, gold, gun-powder and even hemlock—given to Socrates when condemned to death; lobster, lily of the valley, leopard's bane, mistletoe, platinum, TNT (Glonoine), St Ignatius' Bean (Ignatia), quick-silver, common salt, and the cockroach.

Three Major Advantages : Millions of those who have benefited from Homoeopathy, assert that it is God's greatest medical boon to mankind, a reward to Hahnemann for his perseverance amid persecution, and his sincerity at the cost of unlimited sacrifice and suffering. What are the three chief advantages of this boon ? Homoeopathic dedication is extremely cheap ; it is generally given in the form of sugar pills, which are welcomed by patients especially

children ; because of the minute quantity of the drug in each dose homoeopathic treatment does not have any side effects if properly administered.

It is these very qualities, unique as they are, which are ridiculed by those who are ignorant of homoeopathy. Yet it is this method that raised Hahnemann to the highest pinnacle of fame. In 1829, when celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation, his followers came to honour him ; reports reached him of added triumphs of homoeopathy in Bohemia, Austria, Russia, France, Spain, Sweden and even in distant America.

Hahnemann lived to see his work accepted and honoured, and when he died in 1843 at the age of eighty-eight his last words were, "I have not lived in vain !"

14

SIR FREDERICK BANTING AND DR. CHARLES BEST

When diabetic dogs had their day

What pattern of behaviour do you follow when you wake up in the morning ? The religious-minded greet the dawn with the words, "Good morning, Lord !" While the materialistic go-getter "Good Lord, morning ?" Each day is a brand new day and anything can happen. Yet so many of us look with indifference and start the day almost with disgust. Not so Dr. Frederick Banting, when he entered the laboratory at the University of Toronto on May 16, 1931.

He was full of eagerness and excited with new hope. He and his partner were setting out to fulfil a dream, that would relieve distressed humanity, and bring hope to despairing diabetics all over the world. What is diabetes ? And is it a disease of modern times ? No. Diabetes was first described by a Greek physician, 2,000 years ago as "A disease in which the flesh melted away and passed out through the urine." Somehow, the bodies of diabetic victims

stop changing the sugar in their food into body energy ; instead, their bodies consume the fat and protien of the body itself. The victim feels great thirst, and plenty of sugar in urine is passed out day and night. The appetite too is greatly increased.

Was there a cure ? No ! No drugs had been discovered that could stop or reduce the progress of the disease. A strict diet was the only choice open to diabetics. One of them was told by his doctor, "You will have to live only on boiled vegetables, curds and fruits." "Will I live a hundred years ?" asked the patient. "No." said the doctor, "You will live perhaps another ten years, but with that tasteless diet it will certainly seem like a century !"

What two men can do : While millions of diabetic patients all over the world, were dying a lingering death, Banting and Best set out to bring new hope to these despairing victims. Banting belonged to a Canadian family. His father urged him to join the Methodist ministry. But Banting had a handicap which deprived him of a forceful and fluent way of speaking. So he took up an allied vocation—medicine. A friendly wit remarked, "Since Fred couldn't preach he decided to practice." He served as a surgeon in the Canadian army in first World War. Then he decided to practice as a surgeon in his home town. He waited for patients who never came ; but he never tired of waiting. However, the girl whom he was to marry got tired of waiting, and they parted.

Now the team of Banting, the man with a dream, and Best, the man with drive, set to work. Dr. Best

was twenty-one, and studying for his Master's degree in Physiology and Bio-Chemistry. Banting was twenty-nine, with no experience at all in research. Yet he now staked his meagre savings to make his dream come true. He had requested the Toronto University for the use of the laboratory for eight weeks, and for the help of someone well up in Chemistry and Physiology, and for ten dogs. With an outlay of rupees five hundred, Banting was optimistic enough to expect success in curing the dreaded killer, diabetes.

We owe it to many : How seldom we realise when we loudly praise the achievements of an inventor or discoverer, that his success is only the crowning effort of the perseverance in defeat and determination through failure, of several people who have worked on the same idea or project. There had been countless experiments made to conquer diabetes.

In Germany in 1889, Oskar Minkowski had removed a dog's pancreas, mainly to see if the animal could manage without it. The animal continued to live but he was passing sugar in the urine ; the healthy dog was now suffering from diabetes. In France Hedon tried the same experiment but with the same result. No further progress was made for a long time, till research workers discovered that tying of the ducts which carry the pancreatic juice to the intestines, only shrivelled up the pancreas ; but the dogs who had this surgery performed on them did not get diabetes. So it was something else. They now turned their attention to

little 'islet' cells scattered through the pancreas. They wondered if these secreted some hormone which regulated the burning of sugar in the body. The hunt went on for the illusive hormone, but with no results.

The Secrets of Success : In my biography of *J.N. Tata* (*Macmillan* Rs. 2.50), I have stressed that Tata never failed in any of his fantastic experiments and industrial projects, because he observed three steps : Preparation, Planning and Perseverance. In addition to these, a research worker can succeed only if he combines knowledge with observation and follows this up with analysis. Finally he comes to a conclusion ; this must now be followed by determination to carry on till success is achieved.

Banting and Best possessed these qualities to a high degree, as a team. But Banting had one more factor that fired his imagination and urged him to act swiftly and successfully. He had seen diabetes change a vivacious teen-age girl classmate into a pathetic ghost, who lingered till death laid its clammy hands on her to claim one more victim for the killer diabetes. He had seen the same happen to his Aunt Anna in her early thirties.

A Change of Direction : The team examined all the evidence and the report of research worker. After much thought, Banting said, "So far, researchers have used a healthy pancreas to extract what they are looking for. Maybe there are other juices in the healthy pancreas which prevent the extract from acting successfully in the cure of diabetes. Let us try a new way !" They knew then when pancreatic

ducts were tied off, the cell which secreted digestive juices degenerated faster than the islet cells. So they tied off these ducts in dogs, and waited for 7 to 10 weeks for the pancreas to degenerate and shrivel. They ground up the shrivelled pancreas and used the extract on diabetic dogs.

Meanwhile their eight weeks were up, so they went to Prof. Macleod to ask for extension. They had no money to pay for the extension and were delighted to find his office closed, as Macleod had gone on a holiday to Europe. They decided to carry on with their work. On July 27, they extracted the first stock of the miracle drug that would cure diabetes.

Marjorie helps most : A dying diabetic dog was already in waiting for the final experiment. Since oral doses had hitherto proved a failure Dr. Frederick injected five c.c. of the filtrate into the dog's vein. Soon the dog looked better; but looks are always deceptive. So blood tests were taken. The dog's paw tested for blood sugar. They were so eager for the result that time stood still. Would they succeed ? Would the result of their few weeks of unremitting labour bring relief to millions of despairing diabetics ? The dog had the answer. Banting hovered over Best, as the sugar test was made. If sugar was present in a high degree in the blood, the reagent in the test-tube would turn deep red; if the sugar was reduced, the liquid would turn a pale pink. The test was made every hour. The two doctors, who watched saw a miracle take place that day ; the sugar in the blood went down from 0.20 per cent to 0.12 per cent and then headed straight towards

the normal 0.09 per cent.

There was no shouting or jumping; there was only joy deep in their hearts, in this most exciting moment of their lives. In the triumph of their research work, these two medical workers were not thinking of the medals and awards they would receive; they only rejoiced that through them, God had given to mankind a healing drug. Diabetes would no more be a killer if the extract they had used would prove as beneficial to man as to man's best friend, the dog.

Then they turned their attention to their pet dog Marjorie, also a diabetic. She had learned many tricks and now she learnt a new one. She would jump up on a bench, hold out her paw to give the doctor a blood sample, and would keep still till the injection was over. For seventy days she lived and seemed to get better every day. Then the doctors were faced with tragedy—they ran out of the extract they had called *isletin*.

Would Marjorie be condemned to death for lack of a sufficient amount of extract? They had been able to extract from one degenerated pancreas enough isletin to keep one dog alive for one day. There was not enough money or material to keep up this demand. So they turned their attention to other animals—sheep, pigs and cows. They got more than they needed and Marjorie made the most of this additional stock.

Telling the world about it : Hardly six months had passed and the team was ready to divulge the secret to the world. Banting and Best read their papers

and used lantern slides to prove their success. The question that remained now was still an important one. Would the new drug help human-beings ? It was a teenager, in the Toronto General Hospital, who was the first human being to get the new miracle drug. After two years with the disease, he had lost weight and strength; he had only a few weeks to live. The injections started in January, 1922. The dramatic test for a human cure was being tried out while doctors and nurses watched anxiously round Leonard's bed. Dramatically the blood sugar dropped. Soon Leonard asked for food, and new life came into his wasted muscles; thirteen year old Leonard Thomson lived for another thirteen years, and died in 1935 after a motor-cycle accident. He was the first to enjoy a new lease of life. Hundreds, thousands and millions would follow him, no more dreading the killer diabetes.

The End Draws Near : This was a dramatic ending to a project that lasted less than a year, and gave to the world the healing benefits of a miracle drug. Time brought in its wake awards and recognition. When Banting won the Nobel Prize in 1923, he gave half the cash award to Dr. Best. A grateful Parliament voted Banting a life pension of 7500 dollars.

Then came the Second World War. Both the doctors had stayed at the Toronto University—their eight weeks extending to twenty years, but there was no more excitement and no more tension. They worked on a few experiments to help the war effort. Banting was made a Major and then given a Knighthood. In February 1941 he got ready for a

trip to England in connection with a medical problem in aviation. The plane crashed. A dramatic life thus came to a dramatic end. Five years later, the Association of Diabetics met in London and paid this tribute : "Without Sir Frederick Banting, this meeting would have been only a gathering of ghosts bemoaning their sad fate."

15

GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

He showed what one Negro can do

On the night of January 11, 1865, the nation rejoiced, while groups of happy negroes went singing through the streets. What were they rejoicing about? That day a law had been passed freeing the slaves of America. Black men, women and children were now free to move wherever they wanted, without the perpetual fear of being captured and put to work as slaves. But there were still wicked bandits, greedy for money, who continued to enslave the helpless and the innocent.

Moses Carver owned a farm in Missouri. He had a negro called Mary working for him and normally his slave. On the night of January 11, 1865, the silent calm was shattered by the thunderous sound of hooves of hard-ridden horses. Carver knew what was going to happen, so he rushed to Mary's little cabin. He told her to follow him into the darkness of the forest. But the horse-men were already at their door. They snatched Mary with the baby in her arms and slung her on to a horse. On the

journey, they found that the infant was very sick ; so they handed over little George to some women by the roadside. George was later, found by a search made by Carver. In school at thirteen, his negro teacher enrolled him as George Carver. George worked his way through school and college obtaining a B.Sc. degree and later an M.Sc. degree.

After his college career, George was faced with the vital question : "Where do I go from here ?" The answer came in a strange way and as a direct result of his prayers for guidance. He was seated on a large stone by the roadside and asked God for guidance. As he gazed at the stars and the dazzling universe God had created, he wondered what one tiny human being could do to promote God's Plan. And suddenly a voice was heard. "You must go out into the world and give your learning back to your people." Now George knew what he must do. He would go to Ames and learn how to help the down-trodden negroes who enjoyed nothing of the pleasures of life but had their fill of its misery.

While at college many of George's letters used to get mixed up with another George Carver. He solved it in a very simple way. He added the initial 'W'. His letters now reached him safely ; but one day a fellow student asked him what 'W' stood for. George did not hesitate; for no American could be ignorant of George Washington, the first U.S. President. So without hesitation George remarked that 'W' stood for Washington.

A Man with a Mission : There was another Washington 800 miles away who had been watching

George Carver rocketing into fame. This was the negro educationist Booker T. Washington. In April 1896, he wrote to Washington in Iowa :

"I cannot offer you money, position or fame. The first two you have. The third, from the place you now occupy, you will no doubt achieve. I now dare to ask you to give up these things. In return I can offer you nothing except work—hard work. There is only one consolation in making the change from the high position you now hold to the oblivion I offer you. You will lead the negro people from degradation, poverty, to full manhood."

George Carver did not hesitate. It was an answer to that mysterious call under the starry sky—"Go out into the world and give your learning back to your people !" God had revealed His Plan and George W. Carver was now a man with a mission.

Feeding the Hungry ; In October 1896 George took up his new work at the Tuskegee Industrial Institute. There was much to be done, but George had the satisfaction of knowing that his negro students were eager to learn and would not refuse any hard work given to them. He took his thirteen students, and started to build a laboratory out of used bottles, rusted pans, metal lids and odd bits of wire. Soon the makeshift laboratory was working miracles under the magic wand of George Carver.

Day after day, Carver led his thirteen students to work on the twenty acres of the Institute. They requested a fertiliser company to send them a free supply of phosphates. Carver explained to the students, then asked them to spread the word around

to the people, that most plants drained away the life-giving nitrogen in the soil, and that the cotton crop was among the greatest consumers of nitrogen. On the other hand Carver explained, legumes such as cowpeas absorbed nitrogen from the air, and then mysteriously fed it back to the soil. In this way a free fertiliser ingredient was obtained from nature. His students were stunned by this new knowledge, but soon found that there was much more to be learnt. The Carver directed his boys to plant sweet potatoes after the cowpeas ; his students watched a miracle for they reaped six times the usual harvest of potatoes. Soon the farmers around, black as well as white, came to the Institute farm to learn. Even greater was their wonder when a cotton crop was raised, many times richer than they had imagined in their wildest dream. Now they were ready to listen to George Carver. His real work has begun.

The Secret of his Success : In class and on the farm, George taught his students that their main task was to lead the negro people to full manhood. Millions of down-trodden negroes in the United States enjoyed full U.S. citizenship only in name. He exhorted them thus : "Let only service be the aim of your life—not grand clothes or wealth or fame." And he stressed. "The secret of success is to do the common things uncommonly well."

Carver was also an expert pianist and an excellent painter. Many of his paintings are exhibited in galleries all over the world. He first became a professional pianist when he needed money to enlarge his laboratory. His friends and admirers persuaded

him to give a concert. So in July 1899, he set out on a tour of the big cities and returned with several hundred dollars.

From Potatoes to Peanuts : In 1915, when the cotton crops were destroyed by a weevil, Carver saved millions of farmers from bankruptcy and despair. He urged them to burn their infected cotton crops and plant peanuts instead. They followed his advice. But soon they had piled up peanuts which they could not sell.

An old woman asked Carver what she should do about the excess stock, "Who will buy them ?" she asked. To her simple question, Carver gave this simple answer : "I don't know. I'll ask God." God gave him the answer next day, as he worked in his laboratory.

Many months later Carver held an exhibition for businessmen and politicians. On display, were scores of synthetic items made from peanuts, milk, ice-cream, butter and cheese. From peanuts shells Carver had made linoleum, plastics and hard-board sheets. By 1919, the peanut industry was worth 80,000,000 dollars a year, and when Carver died, he left behind over 300 by-products. He had shown the world what one negro can do !

Refused to make a Fortune : Carver's fame won him the friendship of great inventors and scientists all over the world. Thomas Edison offered him a high post in the Edison laboratory at 100,000 dollars per year. Carver refused, explaining : "If I had all that money, I might forget about my people." He refused to make a fortune from his many discoveries.

From sordid slavery, Carver had risen to be the saviour of his people. He would not forsake them for a fortune.

Carver gave Gandhiji many ideas for feeding the starving millions in India. Many kings and presidents coming to the U.S.A. from abroad, paid Carver a visit to learn from him. Carver died on January, 1943. Countless tributes from all over the world poured in. But this simple epitaph on his grave is the most elegant and eloquent of them all.

He could have added fortune to fame ;
but caring for neither,
he found happiness and honour
in being helpful to the world.

16

BOB RIPLEY

The man nobody believed

Ripley's own life is almost as unbelievable as the incredible facts he depicts in his amazing cartoons. His father was a carpenter who warned Ripley that, if he became an artist he would starve to death. He wanted his son to become a plumber or a bricklayer. Ripley did become a plumber in a way—he plumbed the depths of human credibility !

Ripley never studied drawing; it was practice that made him perfect. Today he is the most widely imitated cartoonist in the world. He was fired from the first three newspapers in which he worked; and ten years later the was making more money than the newspaper owners who fired him.

Those who admired his cartoons expected Ripley to look like a successful businessman. Imagine their surprise, when they met a well-built man who grinned like an embarrassed school-boy. He tried to conceal his timidity by wearing clothes that resembled a haberdasher's nightmare : pale blue shirt, batwing tie of flaming orange, plaid horse-blanket

jacket, fawn-coloured slacks and gleaming black-and-white sport shoes.

Those who wanted to interview him were shocked to know that he visited his office only three times in six years. Hence he had to be interviewed in his apartment. Here a second surprise awaited them. There was nothing attractive or striking that would impress the potential customer. Papers and books, drawings and affidavits, curios and cartoons were piled about with clothes on the furniture, in a wild and hopeless confusion. To add to all this craziness Ripley loved to work all day in his pyjamas.

His First Break : Bob Ripley had been interested in sports; he even wrote two successful books. He was also determined to be a success in baseball. But his professional dream was shattered when he broke his arm. So he set and dreamed another dream. If he couldn't become a successful sportsman then he would become a success as a sport cartoonist.

He got a job easily; but he did not seem to attract any special attention. Then, a week before Christmas in 1918, he was completely stuck. Cartoonists like reporters have a deadline—a time limit for handing in their contribution. Three hours before the deadline, Ripley was starting at a blank drawing-sheet, chewing the end of his pencil. He could find nothing worthwhile to report or topical enough to insert in a cartoon. Then suddenly he got an idea.

How it Started; Since he couldn't get any astonishing sports item to fill his space, he decided to pick an astonishing event in the past and work it into a kind of 'Fact or Fancy' Quiz. He had such items

well-stocked in his memory; for you must remember that Ripley was a great lover of sports. His first sketch showed a sprinter running the 100-yard dash in seconds. Strange, isn't it—almost slow motion. But then comes the explanation below : "This sprinter was running backwards." He added a few more sporting oddities, picked out from other countries, and grouped them together under the title "Champs and Chumps." The copy editor liked the idea; but thought the heading was weak. So Ripley crossed it out and wrote the now famous "Believe it or Not."

Knowing how eagerly we look through a Ripley cartoon in every news-weekly or magazine we open, we would expect to find that Ripley's news feature received world acclaim. But like all great ideas it had a slow start. *The Globe* inserted it twice a week and then daily. In 1923, he moved over to the *New York Post*.

The marching Chinese : One night, Ripley took his friend for a Chinese dinner; but the multi-course meal was more than he could manage. That night he tossed for hours, then had a fantastic nightmare of Chinese on the march—an endless line of Orientals tramping over his stomach. Next morning, Ripley wondered if he should check on those countless Chinese that crossed over his stomach in his nightmare. He decided to check.

The result of his research was a dramatic cartoon. It brought him fame and success. The sketch showed a column of Chinese, marching four abreast across the world, and vanishing over the horizon. The

caption stated: "If all the Chinese in the world were to march, four abreast, past a given post they would never finish passing that spot though they marched forever."

Called a Liar and Liked it : The next day, Ripley's office was swamped with letters and his lines blocked by telephone calls. For the first time people called him a liar in public. Said Ripley later with his boyish smile, "This was the first time I was called a liar in public, by the public—and the first time I liked it."

Then came the tiring task of sending out a cordial reply to the thousands of unbelieving and angry readers. It explained: "Marching four abreast, fifteen miles a day, the Chinese would pass a given point at the rate of about 26 million a year. Meanwhile, however, 60 million more Chinese were being born a year. So, not only would the marching Chinese file past forever, but the column would even grow longer !"

After Ten Years of Toil : In most of my books, I have stressed the point that luck always awards pluck. It may come soon, it may come later, but it always comes. Ripley says it took ten years. He once remarked to Dale Carnegie in an interview, "You work and slave for ten years, then in ten minutes you become famous." What rocketed Ripley to fame ? This time it was a famous event—Lindberg's solo flight across the Atlantic in 1927. Ripley however gave this famous event a fantastic twist.

Ripley waited a few weeks for the furore to die down and then sprang a surprise on the public. He

sketched a "Believe It or Not" cartoon showing the *Spirit of St Louis* winging its way like a lonely bird across the wide ocean. Underneath was this arresting caption—"Lindbergh was the 67th man to make a non-stop flight over the Ocean. When the papers reached the street, the switchboard of the *Post* sizzled for hours and an unending stream of letters and telegrams, screaming public protest, as the *Post* spread from city across America. When the totat of letters and telegrams reached 200,000, Ripley was in the seventh heaven of delight. This time he could appease his angry public with a reply, printed in the *Post*. His explanation was simply this:

He pointed out that before Lindbergh, the Atlantic had been crossed by two Englishmen in a heavier-than-air craft, by 31 others in an English dirigible and by 33 Germans in a German dirigible. That made a total of 66. So cute and yet so correct.

Hire Ripley : Three times in his early career as a cartoonist Ripley had heard the two-word phrase : "*Fire Ripley* !" Those days were long past and forgotten. Now he was famous enough to bring out a book of "Believe It or Not" cartoons. When William Randolph Hearst saw the book of cartoons he sent a two-word telegram to his King Features Syndicate: "Hire Ripley." If the former two words had dashed Ripley to the depth of despair, these two words lifted him to the height of ecstasy. Overnight, Ripley's income soared from 200 dollars a week to ten times that amount. He skyrocketed to fame. He was the highest paid and most widely read cartoonist in the world.

At the height of his fame, Ripley had a million people working for him. He received millions of letters, many of them from readers who informed him of oddities in their own locality, or items collected by them from museums etc. These contributions from his reading public kept up his supply of interesting items and fantastic facts. He always sent a cordial letter of thanks for small items ; for important ones he paid well.

But what made him really famous was his obsession for accuracy and local colour.

Frozen to Death at the Equator : Would you believe that a man can freeze to death in the torrid climate of mid-Africa ? Yet it happened. When Ripley read about a German scientist who had frozen to death in Africa, he immediately set out for the Belgian Congo. Sure enough the strange story was true. An expedition of twenty men had died of exposure, at 60 degrees below zero, on the glacial slope of Mount Karisimbi, a volcano only 100 miles from the equator. He flew over the site of the death camp to sketch the place of tragedy.

The Secret of His Success : Ripley soon learned that he had to search for the unusual to win the admiration of his readers. If the fact was ordinary, Ripley would present it in a surprising way, like the man who raced backward ; if the fact was of international interest, he would play it down and astonish his readers by making them angry, as he did in the case of the Lindbergh Atlantic feat. Thus we learn that success can be got more often through an imaginative approach, and that a dash of daring can

make up for a University degree.

A Crowded Programme : The years swirled by for Ripley in a montage of lightning travel-trips, unending radio shows, lecture tours, television programmes—no rest at all for the bashful schoolboy, now a favourite child of fame and fortune. His friends tried to get him to retire, but Ripley refused to quit—he was enjoying his work too much. On May 24th, 1949 he appeared on his weekly "Believe It or Not" TV-show from New York. On May 27th, he was dead.

In the records of journalism, Ripley, will be remembered not for his talent as a newsman or his skill as a cartoonist, but for a combination of courage, daring imagination and a boyish love for adventure. We too can make life an adventure and raise it from the doldrums to new heights of achievement. What Ripley did any of us can do.

17

HANS ANDERSEN

Prince of story-tellers

The stupendous success of Hans Andersen proves, beyond doubt, that fame and fortune can be won even by the poor and ugly. If we have a gift, we should give it freely to the world, even if the world rejects it at first. The youth of today can reach for the stars only if they practise in real life, the courage and constancy of Hans Andersen and the characters in his stories. Who would ever think that the son of a poor shoe-maker would one day win world-wide fame, and be called the Prince of story-tellers ? It almost sounds like a fairy-tale, but that is what happened to Hans Christian Andersen.

He was born in the town of Odense in Denmark, in 1805. His father was a shoe-maker. He spent much time with his son, looking at picture-books and telling him stories. He also made toys and created puppet shows for his son. When Hans was seven, his father was forced to join the army, where he fell ill and died. His mother married again.

Hans was both awkward and ugly : he had a big

nose that made him look like a clown and sad eyes. He was thin and tall, wore loose clothes that didn't fit him and a pair of heavy wooden shoes. He had no brothers or sisters, and he couldn't make friends of his own age. The boys of the neighbourhood teased him and called him names.

Hans Meets a Real Prince : A hundred and fifty years ago, the kings of the world allowed their subjects to ask for favours. So Hans went to the palace. He sang and recited before the royal household. The Prince was pleased and asked him what favour he desired. Hopefully Hans Andersen made this request, "I want to write dramas and act at the Royal Theatre."

The Prince looked with pity at the clumsy boy, tall and gangly, who stood before him, nervously shifting the weight of his body from one foot to another. He gave Hans this advice, "It is one thing to recite poetic plays, but quite another to write them or act in them. Go home, my boy, and follow your father's trade as a shoe-maker."

Hans Andersen returned home ; but not to stay. He broke open his piggy-bank, tied his money carefully, said a fond farewell to his mother and stepfather, and returned to Copenhagen to seek fame and fortune. At first he failed miserably and was taunted by everyone ; but one of the actors of the Royal Theatre took pity on him and sent him to school to be trained. He was surrounded by students much younger than him and was teased by them as well as by the teacher, but Hans kept plugging on determined to reach his goal.

However, all his attempts to earn some money failed miserably. With a little money in his pocket he visited Professor Siboni, and was allowed to sing for him. He hoped his lovely soprano voice would get him entrance to the Conservatory of Music. Professor Siboni paid for his training. But once again bad luck broke his hopes and destroyed his dreams. It is a well-known fact that boys change their voice about the age of fourteen. Soon that beautiful soprano voice cracked, and one more dream was shattered. Meanwhile Hans had won many admirers through his brilliance at staging puppet shows. Among his new friends was a Princess who gave him money for food and clothes; but Hans spent most of it on books of poetry and tickets for the theatre.

His Start as a Story-Teller : Hans found life very difficult. His first benefactor, Jonas Collin, took him into his home. The family urged him to take up a regular job; but Hans had bigger ideas. For years he had written story-poems, romantic novels, tragic plays, but no one seemed interested. Then at the age of thirty, in 1835, he handed a book of fairy-stories to a publisher. He expected very little from this; but to his surprise children and grown-ups read them eagerly and demanded more. At last Anderson had found the path which was ultimately to lead him to fame.

For thirty-seven years, Hans gave to the world a volume of new fairy tales as a Christmas gift. These stories were full of charm, fancy, humour and fun, as well as the truth of human life. Remembering the

days of his poverty and hardship, he used these trials for stories like *The Little Match Girl, The Ugly Duckling*, and *The Little Mremaid.*

He got his own back as society by revealing in his stories the hypocrisy of men. We may laugh at these as at the sly jokes in *The Emperor's New Clothes*, but we cannot ignore the truth of his remarks. Though he hated pretence and hypocrisy, he willingly forgave those who had treated him harshly and cruelly in his early days.

One day the king of Denmark sent for him. After he had entertained the Royal Family, with his recitation and story-telling, he was asked what favour he desired. Remembering his former visit to the palace when the king then a Prince, had advised him to learn a useful trade, and give up his ambition as a poet and actor, Hans remarked, "Thank you your Majesty, for your generous offer. But I've managed to make a success and to earn a small fortune in my present trade as a poet and actor." The king laughed and sent him away with many gifts.

If you have not read the stories of Hans Andersen, you have missed a treasure house of charm, beauty, realism and the sincerity of one who loves children and lives for the truth. Hans Andersen wrote 156 fairy-tales.

Hans Visits Many Countries : As his fame spread, his fairy-tales were translated from Danish into German, Italian and English, later he was invited to England, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. His fame had gone before him; and the rich and poor who admired his stories, gave him a warm welcome,

and he was always surrounded by children.

Among his admirers were the Royal families of Europe who decorated him with the highest honours in their kingdoms. He was also welcomed by the greatest writers of his days from Charles Dickens in England to Victor Hugo in France. For many years his own countrymen were still unkind to him. Because he was thin, tall and awkward, with very large feet, a huge nose and thick lips they nicknamed him "The Orangutang," but when he grew rich and famous, his admirers at Copenhagen changed it to "Our World Famous Orangutang."

Returns Home : At last the day came when the honour paid publicly to him by the world, was also given to him by his home town. For his visit, the streets of Odense were ablaze with lights, and the multitude took him in a torch-light procession to the town hall. As he remembered the misery of his boyhood days, Hans said to the people, "I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was your ugly duckling." He could have added, "It doesn't matter if you are born in a duckyard, provided you are hatched from a swan's egg."

It was fifty long years since he had left the 'duckyard', and as he stood tall and triumphant on the balcony of the town hall, the crowds sang and cheered him. When he was asked for a massege, his big and tender heart, full of love and gratitude, uttered these words, "To God and Man, my thanks, my love!"

Anderson spent the last years of his life in the house of a friend and died there on 4th August, 1875.

He had been ill for a few years but he was no longer lonely. He had left loneliness far behind and had own friends and admirers by his tales of fantasy.

18

STEPHEN FOSTER

More genius than gift

Are you like a see-saw,
up and down from day to day?
Never steady never straight
restless all the way ?
Gay today and glum tomorrow,
work today and play tomorrow?
Then your future's dim,
for life is grim
If you live according to your whim !

If you live this way, you will share Stephen Foster's fate—a little fame, less fortune and a miserable family life. Stephen Foster was the last of seven children. Because the family was poor, the children had very little schooling. On the first day of school, Stephen's teacher gave him a set of silly jingles to help him to study the alphabet.
It begain with A ;

Adam's fall
Was a curse for all

The letter Z had this rhyme;

Zaccheus was wee,
So he climbed a tree
The Lord to see.

After an hour the boys were asked to recite the jingles. When it came to Stephen's turn he stood erect, opened his mouth wide and gave out a loud Red Indian yell. Before the teacher could get over her astonishment, Stephen jumped through the window and ran into the open field, till he reached the river bank.

He found more fun listening to the negro boatmen sing as their gaily painted boats drifted down the stream. That was a pleasant pastime! But unfortunately young Stephen allowed his hobby to become a habit. Foster neglected his books and spent all his time learning Negro songs. From infancy he had love to hum and to drum, but he got no encouragement from his parents. He had a wonderful memory for tunes, and kept humming bits of the tunes he had heard by the riverside.

Taken in Hand at Last : One day Stephen met a man, who saw nothing wrong in a boy who preferred sheets of music to sheets of printing. He began to teach Stephen at the Stockton Academy; Stephen soon learned to play several instruments, to read and write music and to compose lyrics for his own melodies.

Then came an exciting adventure. Stephen heard the cry, "The Minstrels are in town !" This was his first experience of black-faced comedians in a Minstrel show, and it opened a new door in his life

—the gay abandon, the lilting rhythm, the carefree music and the gaiety of it all. How Stephen loved all this ! If only some day he could write for these minstrel shows.

But Stephen was only thirteen and his parents strongly disapproved of his song writing. They tried to push him into an Academy, but the siren of music proved so powerful, that even before he left school he had composed, in 1841, his first important piece, the *Tioga Waltz* for flutes. The Headmaster was impressed, but he sent Stephen home without a diploma and this explanatory note: "Your Stephen is a good musician but a poor student."

He was now fifteen ; and though the family urged him to go to college, Stephen preferred to be idle for five years. He spent most of his time in the music stores of Pittsburgh. He met the German musician, Henry Kleber, who introduced him to the songs of Schubert. Stephen exclaimed, "I didn't know there was so much beauty in the world." When Kleber asked Stephen, "Would you like to write like Schubert ?" Stephen quickly replied, "I'd give my right hand to do that."

Why Pop Singers are a Flop: Mere mimicry and slavish imitation does not make for good music. Too many of those who aim at the top try to reach there by screaming. Whereas the Opera singer considers herself a success when she is able to hit the high 'C' Clearly and comfortably, the Pop singer of today aims only at hitting the celling.

Adapt, Don't Imitate: Lest Foster fall into this fatal trap, Kleber explained to him how it was wrong

to aim at becoming another Schubert. First he taught Foster how to harmonise and play his own compositions on the piano. He urged him to concentrate on folk songs, so that he could become the Schubert of America instead of just another Schubert. This is what Stephen set out to do. He joined a club of youngsters, and went out with them for frequent picnics where they sang folk tunes, sentimental ballads. and lilting love-songs. One day the leader of the gang complained, "We are fed up of repeating the same old tunes. If only we could get something new!" Stephen put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a sheet of music, "I've something here," he said, "Would you like to try it?" This was the beginning of a flood of tunes that came pouring out, to the joy of his companions.

Caught in a Dilemma : At twenty, he composed *Old Uncle Ned.* The public applauded it and the critics acclaimed it. Reported the *Albany State Register,* "There is somethnig in the melody of *Uncle Ned* that goes directly to the heart and makes Italian trills seem tame. Stephen Foster was on his way to the top.

But his parents still persecuted him and insisted on making a businessman out of him. They got him a job as a book-maker; but he kept writing music instead. To liven up the steamboat ride, he composed *On Susanna !* a rollicking song of love and adventure, with a lilt that sang its way into the hearts of passengers and sailors, of white and black, of rich and poor throughout America. It soon became an American classic; but Stephen was still a prisoner in the Steamboat Counting house. He hadn't the

age to make a choice.

He composed two more songs; and in his eagerness to secure a publisher gave them away free. The result: the publisher made a fortune; the composer had to be satisfied with fame. More dreary days at book-keeping ; then a brief vacation trip to the South : this was Paradise indeed—new scenes, new music of the Negroes at their toil with their tuneful pleas to God to save them from misery. Negroes played to dance away their cares in the blush of dawn, provided the creative ideas that gave the world the Foster favoutites *My Old Kentucky Home, Old Black Joy* and *Away Down South.*

Foster Takes a Wife : Having won fame and a little fortune he looked around for a wife. He had not far to look ; he married a childhood sweetheart, Jane McDowell. It was a rapturous honeymoon, but they lived unhappily ever after. His publisher provided him with a small payment, not at all enough to maintain a family. In addition, Stephen who was poor in worldly goods, was rich in companions who were ever ready to help him finish his last coins when he chanced to sell a new song.

They took a trip to the South, but husband and wife could not make a success of their marriage. Then they lived apart for a while ; but even that proved in vain ; they were too fond of each other to live separately and too irritated by home problems and the lack of money, to live together. They moved from city to city seeking the peace that only prayer and discipline could bring.

But Stephen preferred to use the crutches of smoke

and drink. He imagined that whisky would remove his problems or at least to make him forget them. If whisky couldn't do that, nothing else could. At least, so Stephen imagined—as many a man who drinks himself into oblivion.

A Ditty for a Drink . At last his wife left him for good. Deprived of a home Stephen lived literally in the gutter. His days were spent in drinking, and the heights of his last summer in serenading the streets of Allegheny. There were weeks of stupor, illumined by flashes of musical creation. Unfortunately Foster was forced to peddle out these new songs for the price of a petty drink.

The summer passed and the serenading with them; then came autumn, as winter approached, even nature shed its garb of glory, standing naked and forlorn. Foster did likewise : his overcoat gone, his shoes cracked and his clothes tattered—he set out in a blizzard to sell his latest song *Willie has Gone to the War*. But he never reached the publishing house.

He was found soaked to the skin, with his face cut and bleeding. He was taken to a charity ward in the local hospital and he died on 13th January, 1864. He was thirty-eight years old, and in his pocket were found exactly 38 cents. What a waste of talent ! If only Stephen had taught himself more discipline ; if only his parents had not been so persistent in making a businessman out of a ballad-singer, the man who gave the world such joyous melodies would not have died in utter misery.

19

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

New horizons

So much has been spoken of the dynamic force that carried President J. F. Kennedy over the political obstacles that beset him in his short term of office ; and so much has been written about his initiative, resourcefulness and drive—summed up by his zest for living and his lust for winning—that the charming traits of his character have stayed in the shadows. Only in tribute after his tragic death, have these lovable qualities of head and heart been highlighted.

President Kennedy could easily claim to be one of the best informed men of his day. He skimmed through ten dailies and sixteen periodicals every day. As a reporter and a student of political science, he had come to learn that the root cause of the ills of the world was the lack of desire to understand the view-points of the opposition. He did it so well that Senator Barry Goldwater said of him, "Kennedy was so understanding ! We have violently disagreed, yet he has always understood my view-

point." Kennedy challenged his opponents ; but he never used sarcasm or ridicule. It was not only because of his education, family training or good breeding, but like Lincoln, Kennedy loved to demonstrate that one can disagree without being disagreeable.

He never held a Grudge : In his boyhood days, Jack was known for his quick temper ; and every slight disagreement with his elder brother Joe would start a scuffle in which Jack was always beaten. Yet to the amazement of bystanders, after each fight was over, the two brothers would leave the scene arm in arm. He carried this trait with him throughout his life, and his friends said to him, "Jack never holds a grudge."

In the world of politics, enemies are generally made for life, and the defeated face political death, but Kennedy, as Senator and later as President, lived up to the Christlike principle of forgiveness : "He forgave quickly and permanently ; and this brought out the best in those forgiven," writes Benjamin Bradlee and adds, "Kennedy was a forgiving man. He forgave many, their excesses or their ignorance—many men held their high positions because of his forgiving nature."

Whereas most writers and observers comment on Kennedy's youth, vivacity and graceful movement, Bradlee pinpoints the unusual : "Kennedy was a graceful man, with the special grace of that intellect that is taste. He never told a dirty joke. He could not bring himself to be 'corny' at a time when corniness was a hallmark of American politics."

Our materialistic world, searching in vain for an ideal to follow, found one in J.F. Kennedy. He preached peace ; he practised love ; he died for the equality of man. There were many who feared that a Catholic U.S. President might be a liability to Church and State. President Kennedy proved himself to be more than an asset to both.

A famous photographer and a friend of the Kennedy family Jacques Lowe has collected some of the most charming photographs of Jack Kennedy and his family in a booklet.

Value of Young Ideas : Mr. Lowe comments in this booklet on Jack Kennedy and says, "He was a young President, and he believed in the youth and the value of young ideas. He believed in the value of creative mankind. He was passionate as a leader and showed great compassion for those who needed him most—the old, the sick, the underprivileged. He could be tough and incredibly kind, and his wit, sometimes displayed in times of stress, was reassuring.

"Now he has left us. But I know he will live in us a long, long time. In his Inaugural Address, he said, 'Ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country.' John Fitzgerald Kennedy gave his all to his country and finally his life. I hope that we can continue what he began."

Said Kennedy :

"Let us invoke the wonders of science instead of its terrors. Together, let us explore the stars,

conquer the deserts, eradicate disease, tap the ocean depths and encourage the arts and commerce.

"Now the trumpet summons us—not as a call to bear arms, but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle, rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation—a struggle against the common enemy of man : tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself !

"With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking God's blessing and His help ; but knowing that here on earth God's work must truly be our own."

A Brief Biography : President John Fitzgerald Kennedy was born in Boston on May 29, 1917. He took part in sports in school and college and was on the staff of the college newspaper. He graduated from Harvard in 1940, with top grades in political science. He joined the Yale Law School but changed to a Busineas school. At twenty-three he won fame for his book *Why England Slept*.

He took part in World War II in February 1943 and commanded the flagship PT-109. On the dark and stormy night of August 2, 1943, his PT boat was smashed by a Japanese destroyer in the South Pacific. Two of his men were killed immediately ; the other ten struggled in the water. Young Kennedy, the Captain, was thrown into the air, and fell on the deck with a back-breaking thud.

As the broken half of the boat lit up in flames from the burning petrol, the twenty-six year old captain thought, "This is how it feels to be killed!" But J. F. Kennedy was saved from a blaze of fire,

because he was destined to die in glory. After the war, he started as a journalist and covered the birth-pangs of the United Nation Organisation in San Francisco in 1945. Soon Jack decided that he could help his country and the world better by becoming a politician and making the news, than by remaining a journalist and only reporting news.

He entered the U. S. Congress in January 1947. He marched into the U.S. Senate in 1953 and stayed there for eight years. Jack married Jaqueline Bouvier on September 12, 1953 with 1200 guests attending. He wrote "Profiles in Courage" between operations for serious back trouble. In 1957 this book won the famous Pulitzer Prize for biography. Than Jack fought his toughest battle for the Presidency. The fight for votes was made more difficult because he was a Catholic. Yet he won over Nixon.

At the Top : On January 20, 1961 John F. Kennedy became President of the U.S.A. He stirred the nations of the world by his inspiring Inaugural Address, and called upon every citizen of the world to join him in working for peace and prosperity.

On November 22, 1963 Jack visited Texas. He had been warned that the people of Texas hated him and that in Dallas, his life would be in danger. At one in the afternoon President John Fitzgerald Kennedy lay dead, slain by an assailant's bullet. The flame that lit the world had been snuffed out. Mystery surrounds the death of President Kennedy. We may never know the full details of the dreadful deed; but we know why President Kennedy died. He was one more martyr who ended his noble life by

violent death, in the service of justice, truth and the equality of all men.

He died as he had lived believing that. "*A man does what he must inspite of obstacles and dangers and pressure*." The essence of his life can be summed up in one sentence—he gave the world a new horizon.

20

MAHATMA GANDHI

A new cult for conquest

On October 2, 1969 the world celebrated the centenary of the birth of Mahatma Gandhi—Apostle of Non-Violence. What made Gandhiji so famous ? He was born on October 2, 1869 in Porbander, Gujarat. He belonged to the merchant community, and his father became the Chief Minister of the State of Rajkot in Kathiawad.

Gandhiji tells us about himself in *The Story of My Experiments with Truth.* He writes that he was not clever in school, and found it difficult to make friends. But he was very fond of reading books and preferred reading to games. Hindus, in those days, married young ; and Gandhi got married while he was still in High School. He passed the matriculation in 1887. A friend of the family urged him in 1888, to go to England to become a barrister.

Advised to live like the English, Gandhi tried to play the piano, attended a dancing class, and took training in public speaking. He gave up, first because he was hopeless in these activities, second because

they were too expensive. He examined his way of living and decided on a serious life of study.

Gandhi enjoyed reading religious and moral plays and the *Bhagavad Gita.* But strange to say, Gandhi learned to appreciate the *Gita* when he was in England, after two Englishmen asked him to explain certain passages in the *Song Celestial.* He also found comfort in reading the Bible, especially the *Sermon on the Mount*, chapter 5 to 7 of the Gospel of St. Matthew in the *New Testament.* The verses went straight to his heart. His favourite hymn *Lead Kindly Light* was chosen by the great American Negro singer, Marian Anderson, when she sang at the tomb of Gandhiji in Delhi, on her visit to India. On June 11, 1891 Gandhi became a barrister, and sailed for India the next day.

Went to Africa : Gandhi practised law in India for two years. Then a firm of Muslim merchants engaged him to fight their case in a court in South Africa. Gandhi welcomed the chance. At Durban he bought a first class railway ticket for Johannesburg. But on the way a European passenger complained to a railway official that an Indian (a 'coolie') was occupying a first class compartment, and he did not want to share the compartment with a 'coolie.' When Gandhi refused to leave his seat, his luggage was thrown out and he spent the cold night at the station. Thus began his yearning to make Indians equal to the Whites. In this way began the cult of non-violence. Throughout his life, Gandhi's objective was to change the situation, not by confrontation, but by compromise.

A Fight for Freedom : It was good that Gandhi took his family to Africa with him, for the proposed stay of one year extended to twenty. Here he started *Ashrams*, in order to educate his fellow Indians and teach them non-violence. In July 1914, Gandhi felt that his fight for freedom for Indians and equality had reaped results. He then left South Africa and sailed for England. He met Mr. Gokhale and learnt from him about India's struggle for freedom against the British Government, He returned to India in 1915.

In 1919, Gandhi decided to take up public life. He appealed for a nation-wide civil disobedience in India, through non-cooperation. He proposed a method by which Indians could save money and at the same time hurt the British rulers. He urged the Indians (1) to stop drinking liquor ; (2) to stop buying foreign cloth and start home spinning and weaving ; (3) to improve their health by eating fresh food, rather than foreign tinned food.

Gandhi's efforts in the non-violence programme at first was a failure. It was also difficult to get the richer class to oppose the British. Even when Jawaharlal Nehru joined Gandhiji, his father was not pleased. Then a tragedy occurred in Amritsar in Punjab, when a British General caused the massacre in which 400 Indians were killed and 1,000 were wounded. This enraged the whole nation and even Motilal Nehru threw in his lot with Gandhiji. Everyone was now convinced that action alone could shake off foreign rule in India.

The Famous Salt March : On March 12, 1930

Gandhi now sixty-one, undertook his famous 'Salt March' to the beach, and started what a British historian, Geoffrey Ashe calls the *weirdest and most brilliant political challenge of modern times !* The 24 day march of 241 miles concluded at Dandi. After morning prayers, Gandhiji stooped down to perform his symbolic act of defiance of the Salt Law and of the British Government in India—he picked up a lump of sea salt. Throughout the country Indians followed his lead ; and in a few weeks, 1,00,000 men and women were thrown in jail. At last the British Government realised that the freedom struggle was serious as well as organised. India's teeming millions now had a leader whom they could trust and follow. So they invited a group of Indians to a Round Table Conference in London in 1939, but nothing came out of it.

The End draws Near : On August 7, 1942 the *Quit India* resolution was passed at Bombay demanding that the British should leave and let Indians govern themselves. This was followed by numerous arrests. But the struggle had gathered momentum, and on August 15, 1947 India became an Independent nation. Gandhiji had fulfilled his life's purpose. Yet he could not quit public life, because divided India became a tragedy which was considered to be the darkest blot on the history of the Indian nation. Twelve million families became homeless and five hundred thousand lost their lives, as Hindus fled Pakistan to India and Muslims fled from India to Pakistan.

The dawn of January 30, 1948 bloomed bright and

clear. Gandhiji, interviewed by a foreign correspondent remarked, "I may look old but I shall live for 125 years." He was staying at Birla House at New Delhi. At five in the evening he stopped his conversation with the Deputy Prime Minister Sardar Patel saying : "It is time for the evening prayers. I must not keep the people waiting."

Five hundred people in the ground of Birla House saw him step down from the house. Still weak after his terrible fast to promote communal harmony, Gandhiji walked slowly, supported, by his two grand-nieces. As Gandhiji reached the steps of the prayer platform, a young Indian pushed through the crowd, bent low before Gandhiji with his palms together as though in a gesture of reverence. Suddenly three pistol shots were heard. Gandhiji slumped to the ground while his blood flowed freely, staining his snow-white clothes a deep red. Folding his hands and raising his eyes to heaven, he murmured, "He Ram, He Ram !" Oh God ! Oh God !

He was carried to the house and died half an hour later. The word spread round the world, "Gandhiji is dead !" Nehru was stunned by shock and grief ; he rushed to Birla House and wept like a child. "The light has gone from our eyes and there is darkness everywhere," he lamented.

In the Constituent Assembly, Jawaharlal declared, "I have a sense of utter shame, both as an individual and as the head of the Government, that we should have failed to keep the greatest treasure that we possessed." The tears trickling down his face added sadness to his conclusion, "A glory has departed ;

and the sun that warmed and brightened our hearts has set while we shiver in the cold and feel afraid in the dark."

Broken-hearted India wept unashamed. Masseges from Kings and Presidents poured in and his author friends, Bernard Shaw and Pearl Buck added their words of praise. Pope Pius XII declared : "This great man was a spiritual leader of millions of Indians ; he had always fought for peace."

21

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

He gave his symphonies a soul

The Hall was packed. The fingers of the pianist swept over the keyboard in a passionate crescendo. Then the music died away peacefully almost breathlessly. A moment of tense silence ; then a deafening burst of applause. Men banged their feet on the ground ; women, powdered and exquisitely perfumed, rose from their gilded chairs and called out the most endearing names. To the surprise of the excited audience, the man at the piano showed no response whatsoever. The shouting grew louder and the applause more frantic—women of high society hammered till they broke their costly fans on the gilded railing. The roof of the concert hall echoed their enthusiastic approval ; but the man did not move.

He sat facing the piano, with his back to the audience, crouched in deep thought. Then from the wing, an elderly man approached the pianist and gently turned him around, so that he could face the audience. Now the man could see the applause.

He smiled and muttered something, then rose and bowed, till a crowd of frantic admirers surrounded on the stage.

Who was this great genius and why did he act so strangely ?

Forced by His Father : He was Ludwig Van Beethoven who became deaf at the age of thirty-two, yet went on composing the most beautiful symphonies and sonatas the world has ever known. Beethoven was born in Bonn, Germany, on December 16, 1770. His father was a tenor who sang at the Court of the Elector of Cologne. His father was lazy and fond of drink. When he noticed Beethoven's talent for music, he planned to exploit his son for his own gain. He taught the little boy of four to play on the violin and clavichord and made him practise for hours and hours. He beat him up if he did not put in as much practice as was expected of him.

At eleven, Ludwig went on a successful concert tour. At twelve he conducted a band in the theatre of Cologne. For those of us who are surprised that India's Zubin Mehta was conducting concerto accompaniments for his father at sixteen, the knowledge that Ludwig was conducting a band at twelve, should arouse much more admiration.

Praised by Mozart : In 1787, the Elector sent him for a few lessons to the great Mozart who had written his first symphony at eight. His pupil Beethoven would write his first symphony at thirty-one, at which age Mozart had completed 45 symphonies. After the great master heard Ludwig play, he turned to some of his friends and predicted : "This

young man will make a name in the music world some day !"

At seventeen, his gentle mother died, and his father got drunk almost daily. His dissolute life was well-known in the Court; and when the old man died a few years later, the Elector remarked: "The tax of alobhol has just suffered a great loss by the death of Johann Beethoven." What a relief it was for Ludwig! No more would he be reminded, day and night by his father, how he had realised his son's genius and fostered it with care.

At twenty-two, the great and kindly composer Haydn visited Bonn. Impressed by Ludwig's talent, he persuaded the Elector to send Beethoven to finish his studies in Vienna under him. But triumph now turned into tragedy: the recent success, adulation and applause, mixed with the bitter memories of the ill-treatment at home, now changed Beethoven beyond recognition. Ludwig had become eccentric, a creature of strange fads and foolish fancies, impatient and irritable. He questioned the direction of his tutor Haydn. After a year Haydn despaired of ever making a great musician out of Beethoven; they parted, and life had changed for Ludwig. He was no more gay and gallant. He had become slovenly, and would visit his rich friends unwashed and badly dressed.

His Greatest Trial : Beethoven was now nearing thirty. His habits were most unbearable; his anger, suspicion and rudeness a constant source of pain to his friends. Then tragedy, relentless and remorseless tramped him to the dust. He was turning deaf,

unable to differentiate between subtleties of pitch and tone. He made a pilgrimage from clinic to clinic and doctor to doctor. They all examined him, but all shook their heads. Yet, Ludwig hoped against hope. He could not face deafness, with music banished from his life.

He kept at the piano, and crashed chords after chords. The music grew louder and louder; but he could hear very little. He still kept torturing himself: "Perhaps the doctors are wrong—doctors often make mistakes." But there had been no mistake. Thus the pendulum of his wild thoughts swung from hope to despair, and back again from despair to hope.

For many weeks he did not leave the house. He refused to see his friends. Then in 1802, he wrote his last will and Testament. What a tragedy it was ! Beethoven at the height of his power and popularity, condemned to a life of loneliness. The worst kind of loneliness—loneliness though surrounded by friends and admirers. The loneliness of silence, with Ludwig locked in a silent tomb, through which no sound could penetrate.

His Search for an Outlet : At thirty-two, he could stand it no longer. He decided to retire to a little suburb near Vienna. When friends coaxed him to return, Ludwig would shout : "It is impossible for me to live in the city. If I move among people, where there is conversation, can I say to men, 'Speak louder ! Shout for I am deaf !' It is humiliation I shall not endure. Let me suffer my silence in solitude."

It seems cruel to say so, but probably true! Beethoven's deafness seemed to have proved more a spur than a scourge. It was definitely a blessing for the musical world. Since he had to give up his musical career, he was shut out from the outer world. Now he could hear sounds only in his brains, and lean on memory to recall the exquisite music he had once heard and played. In his tomb of silence, these thoughts and musical tones were intensified and deepened.

At this time, Beethoven found in his nephew, an outlet for his pent-up affections. However, the boy proved unfaithful and ungrateful. So Beethoven returned to music. He went back to his piano and poured out some of the most glorious music ever penned,his colossal masterpieces: the Third, Fourth, Fifth, Seventh and Eighth symphonies.

The Greatest of them All. Of the hundreds of symyhouies that had been written, none can rival the popularity or emotional appeal of the nine great symphonies Beethoven composed. Beethoven was considered a slow and plodding pupil. None of the great masters had got excited over his genius or his talent as a youth. Yet when the composer Robert Schumann, beset with depression, was advised by his doctor to go for a daily walk, Schumann gladly followed his doctor's direction. Every day he took a walk but ended up at the same place, at the statue of Ludwig Van Beethoven. In a sense, every composer, since, Beethoven, has made such a pilgrimage, for every composer who has the honesty to admit it must acknowledge his debt to that mighty master of

music, who had wrestled with musical notes, shaping, smoothing and revising till he was able to construct a masterpiece. Composers that followed him, have been inspired to do likewise.

In what lay the secret of Beethoven's greatness ? His span as a composer has three distinct periods : (a) As a child he followed the master of his day. (b) The second period shows a deepening and broadening of his creative genius. No more is Beethoven satisfied with being closed in by the conventions of Mozart; his music is now emphasized by daring harmonies, which break away from conventions, as in his Opus 53. (c) When in a silent world, his genius found its fullest polyphonic expression. To this period belongs his Ninth symphony.

Between Heaven and Hell : Beethoven's life was a strange mixture of outbursts of temper and musical outpourings of his soul. Most of his friends belonged to the nobility. He had the usual host of admirers, and a series of trifling flirtations with fashionable women who craved his companionship. But Ludwig was unmoved by it all. When they exclaimed that it was impossible for any woman to hear his heavenly music and not fall in love with its creator, Ludwig would walk up to the piano and pour out a symphony of music that would fill his admirer with amazement. Then while she applauded enthusiastically, he would stealthily walk away. It must be said to his credit, that no breath of scandal ever touched his name or fame. The same mystery surrounded the loyalty of his friends. In spite of his angry outbursts and rudeness Beethoven was

always welcome, he would make up by walking to the piano, and calmly sitting down and pour out his creative genius in lovely melodies. Beethoven was either in heaven or in hell. His friends knew that, and refused to desert him.

Ludwig gave Music a Soul : What is the fascination that Beethoven has held for music lovers, for almost two centuries ? "Beethoven took music from the pedestal of formal beauty, where Haydn and Mozart had left it, and immersed it in a whirlpool of life". Thus writes George R. Marek. "He shook it up and turned it around, till it expressed problems, evoked emotions and expressed the struggle of life". In his symphonies he set to music, every body's heartache and everybody's smile. There are no cheap tricks or obvious devices : Beethoven doesn't hand out a handkerchief nor does he act like a clown. Nonetheless, he made music *human*. That is why, more people can respond readily to a Beethoven symphony, than to any other similar composition.

The symphonies of Beethoven are in a class by themselves. He has been compared to Shakespeare and rightly so. For like Shakespeare, Beethoven's range encompasses the whole of life and runs through the entire gamut of human emotion—now gentle, now angry, now filled with childlike simplicity then filled with mature wisdom; now tender, now harsh but always filled with delightful humour, a great lover of nature. Like Shakespeare, Beethoven, in spite of his doubts and moods of despair, believed in the victory of life. Once, he had accepted his deafness, he never despaired of final victory, "I shall

take Fate by the throat !" he told his admirers.

In 1826, Beethoven contracted a violent chill and developed dropsy. His sense of humour never left him even at this stage ; and when the doctor frequently resorted to trapping, Ludwig remarked : "You seem to me like Moses, striking the rock with his staff." He kept up a brave front, even pretending to plan new works. The end came slowly but steadily.

On March 26, 1827 as he was sinking fast, the distant rumbling of thunder was heard. The storm approached with mighty peals of thunder. The dying man heard nothing. Yet when a mighty crash of glorious thunder filled the sky, he seemed to sense the boom of battle. His face lit up, as he shook his mighty fist at Fate. Then he fell back. Ludwig Van Beethoven lay dead.

Twenty thousand people, including the Royal families in Europe, bowed in tribute, as they moaned the death of this master of music. Great tributes were paid to him. Perhaps the most notable has come from the music critic Earnest Newman : "It is the peculiarity of Beethoven's imagination, that again and again he lifts us to a height, from which we revaluate not only all music but all life, all emotion and all thought !

22

THE FABULOUS AESOP

Story-teller par excellence

Adult readers will benefit more than children, by reading this biography, for Aesop, though famous for his fables is also admired for his shrewdness. It protected him from his enemies, eased life's burden and won his freedom from slavery.

Many slaves became storytellers but not one of them became as famous as Aesop. Aesop lived in Phrygia, Greece, about 600 years before Christ was born, that is over 2,500 years ago. Naturally accounts about him are not historical facts but have come down to us in legends and accounts by learned men who used his fables.

As a child Aesop was very ugly and short. His enemies invented the story that he was hunchbacked. Even a monk who wrote a life of Aesop in the 14th century believed this falsehood. Two great and noble Greeks paid honour to Aesop : Aristophanes, the Greek satirist, spoke with pleasure of Aesop's laughable stories ; and Socrates, the wise, spent many hours of his prison life in putting Aesop's

fables into verse.

A Sad Childhood : As a child, Aesop appeared dumb ; he could only utter strange sounds and make himself understood by gestures. The neighbours thought he was mad ; but his mother loved him very much and kept him amused with stories. Her brother hated his dumb and ugly nephew and also claimed that he was mad. He forced him to do the hardest work in the fields owned by Aesop's mother.

One day Aesop saw an old man lying sick by the roadside. He took pity on him and brought him home. His mother looked after him and restored him to health. Meanwhile the mother got very sick and asked the old man to take care of her son after her death. She died the same night.

Aesop loved his mother very much and wanted to delay her burial, but the old man warned him that his uncle would perhaps make him a prisoner. So they set out into the world. Aesop learnt many stories about birds, insects and animals. They lived for many years happily and then the old man died. Once more, Aesop took to the road. Late in the evening he went to the shepherds' camp to ask for food. A kind shepherd called Baydon became friendly with him ; but a wicked shepherd, Yuzzat, hated him. One day while the shepherds were at work, Yuzzat took some evil looking men to the camp and sold Aesop to them. Thus Aesop became a slave.

The Trial of the Figs : His master was a landowner who sent him to work in the fields. One day

he received a basket full of ripe figs. He sent this home with a servant. The servant was a greedy man and he and the cook ate up all the figs. When the master came home he was very angry ; so the wicked men put the blame on Aesop. The master was about to beat the boy, but Aesop asked for permission to explain.

He ran into the kitchen and came back with a bowl of warm water and a handful of salt. He drank the cup full of warm salt water and asked his master to make the servant do the same. In a little while they both vomited ; and so the culprit was discovered by the ingenious solution of the shrewd slave.

The master took a liking to Aesop and kept him to work in the house. One day Aesop met two priests of the Temple of Ephesus who had lost their way. Aesop gave them some food while he made them rest under a tree. Before leaving Aesop, the two old men prayed for his health. Aesop sat under the tree and fell fast asleep. He dreamt that he saw the Goddess of Good Fortune. She smiled at him kindly, and putting her fingers into his mouth loosened his tongue. When Aesop woke up, he was surprised to find that he could speak.

In Trouble Once Again : People loved to listen to Aesop's stories ; but once again an enemy called Zenus, spread false accusation against Aesop. So once again Aesop was sold to slavery. He was bought by Xanthus a wise man of Samos.

Xanthus was fond of drinklng wine. One day he got drunk and took a bet with his companion that

he would drink the whole ocean the next day or lose his property. His companion told everybody about the wager. Xanthus became sober by morning, and begged his shrewd slave Aesop to save him. Aesop told him how to get out of his difficulty.

Later that morning, in front of the whole crowd, Xanthus was challenged to fulfil his promise. He replied in a loud voice : "My dear friend, it is true that I promised to drink the entire ocean, or lose my property. I'm still ready to keep my promise ; but I find that the rivers are pouring water into the ocean all the time. As soon as you are able to stop this flow, I shall start drinking up the ocean." Thus Xanthus was saved and Aesop won his freedom.

Aesop's Friendship with King Croesus : King Croesus of Lydia prepared to wage war on the people of Samos. But he heard of Aesop's wisdom and so he made this offer to Xanthus of Samos : "If you give Aesop to me, I will not attack your country." Soon Croesus and Aesop became friends and the king took him on all his journeys. One day they saw a merchant with a group of slaves ; among them was Baydon, the shepherd who had been kind to him many years before. Aesop was a rich man now; so he bought the slaves and set them all free. He asked Baydon to come and live with him.

Hurled to his Death : It is said that Croesus sent Aesop with a message of thanks and a large amount of gold to the people of Delphi. But there was a dispute among them about who should receive the gold. When the people of Delphi could not come

to an agreement, Aesop decided that they were unworthy of their reward ; so he sent the gold back to Croesus. The people got very angry, and invented a charge of sacrilege against him, and Aesop was sentenced to death. He was taken to a high precipice and hurled down to his death.

Aesop did not write out his fables but recited them from memory. Two centuries later, an Athenian wrote down the fables ; and later a Greek named Babrius made another collection. For hundreds of years this copy was lost to the world. It was finally found in the monastery of Mount Athos in 1844.

The Shrewdness of Aesop : Aesop is famous for his fables but even more for his shrewdness which helped him to extricate his friends and benefactors out of serious difficulties. Naturally he used his shrewdness to ease his burden as a slave. Here is a very interesting and amusing example of this.

Before he won his freedom, Aesop was the slave of a rich merchant. When travelling from one city to another, Aesop chose to carry a heavy bag of grain ; and the other slaves who chose lighter burdens laughed at him. But they soon realised the wisdom of his choice. Since the grain was used to feed the travelling group, Aesop's burden grew lighter day by day. And when the party reached its destination, Aesop was fresh to go sight-seeing with his master while the rest were too tired to move.

Efficiency experts advise us to tackle our most difficult or distasteful task at home or in office, first thing in the morning. That makes the other tasks so much easier and more pleasant, it also saves us

from the harrowing thoughts that arise from a tedious task put off. Like Aesop, let us lift the heaviest burden while the day is still young and we shall be full of zest.

23

ZUBIN MEHTA

Director of distinction

The popular image of an orchestra conductor is that of an autocratic and imperious personality, who has the gift of drawing great music and glorious melodies through the magic power of his baton. Modern conductors are well represented in the person of a young Indian named Zubin Mehta, still in his thirties. He is responsible for keeping up the myth of the popular image of an orchestra conductor, in the concept of Arturo Toscanini, Leopold Stokowski and Sir Thomas Beecham.

Born in 1935, Zubin became the music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra in California in 1962. The son of Mehli Mehta, former conductor of the Bombay Symphony Orchestra and one of India's leading violinists, dynamic Zubin has had a meteoric rise to eminence as an orchestra conductor. Zubin has always come out with top honours in his musical career. He was awarded numerous prizes and scholarships during his training, and has appeared with major symphony orchestras in

Europe, Canada and Latin America.

Zubin remarked that his primary job as permanent conductor of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra is "to give the orchestra its personality and sound. This is accomplished by giving definite directions to the men in the orchestra—working with them to establish specific techniques. Then, there are the administrative and programming aspects which are quite time-consuming." The orchestra under Zubin has had a great number of celebrated guest artitses such as Van Cliburn, Vera Zorina, Isaac Stern and many new, young soloists.

A Happy Marriage of the Traditional and the Modern : It would be unnatural for a person with Zubin's flair for novelty, to restrict himself to traditional compositions. Herbert Donaldson, reviewer of the *Los Angeles Citizen News* adds this praise: "Possibly, the greatest good that the new permanent conductor, Zubin Mehta, is accomplishing, with his symphony programming, is a happy marriage of the traditional and accepted, with that which is relatively new and controversial." A concert directed by Zubin is guaranteed to draw a large audience and win thunderous applause.

The conductor of an orchestra is a unique person, with probably the most difficult task in the musical world. He must be intimately acquainted with every instrument required for a given musical selection ; and he must know, with photographic memory, the entire score of each instrument in that selection. This feat becomes all the more staggering when one selection may run from 20 minutes to two hours in

length, and may contain parts for more than two dozen instruments, played by 105 musicians of varying talent and temperament.

On the conductor of an orchestra depends the outcome of a musical programme. The magic of his baton must convey the director's own skill, musical taste, understanding of the composition, technical mastery of musical instruments and a vivid imagination. This is not all. For a creative and competent conductor must not only have talent and tact but also a mercurial temperament and good taste. He must master the art of making a hundred musicians play many parts in a given musical programme: Now the psychologist, then the despot; now the showman then the actor; now the disciplinarian then the inspirer—he may, in the short span of two hours, have to run the entire gamut of emotions from gentle persuader to arrogant dictator.

One of the Best Orchestras in the World : Young Zubin has a sense of authority. He knows precisely what he wants from his team and how to get it. Young Zubin is full of zeal and zest; when he is on the director's podium, he is unquestionably in command. He has an instinct for the spirit of each composition and the mood of each composer; added to this is his keen sensitivity and his flair for musical phrasing. As one music critic remarked, "Zubin has a way of displaying the texture of a musical score as a dedicated jeweller displays the facets of a diamond at its brilliant best."

His Meteoric Rise : Zubin Mehta is not only talented as a musical director but also charming and

handsome, dynamic and dictatorial. He is every bit the image of a matinee-idol of today. After concerts, women cluster round him whispering about his 'brutal charm'. Yet even his most bitter critic would admit, that this world-wide public adulation has never hurt Zubin's career, or affected his charming personality. Yet he is every bit the musician required of a successful modern conductor and he fulfills the part of the conductor to perfection. The Los Angeles Philharmonic is today considered one of the best in the world.

The Los Angeles Philharmonic gives about 150 concerts a year. At a concert given in 1967 in Washington D.C., the Indian Ambassador B.K. Nehru presented Zubin with the Padma Bhushan award, representing the appreciation of the Government and people of India, for Zubin's contribution to the musical world.

Born to the Baton : Zubin Mehta's enthusiasm for music was perhaps born in him. He recalls how, as a child, he was "brain-washed with classical music from the cradle." At seven, he studied the violin and piano ; and at sixteen, started conducting concerto accompaniments for his father. Before reaching twenty, he was often left in charge of the Bombay Symhpony Orchestra while his father was called away on tours. Zubin took to directing, not because of the magic power of the baton, but because orchestra music appealed most to him. At one stage of his life, Zubin planned to become a doctor ; but became a director.

At eighteen, Zubin went to Vienna and took a

course in conducting and composition. He got his diploma at twenty-one, and with it he brought to the world the Viennese approach to music with its stirring stress on warmth, expansiveness and sensuous beauty.

Boy Wonder from Bombay : When he first flashed across the musical scene, Zubin Mehta was hailed as "*The Boy Wonder from Bombay*." He made a dramatic entry into the world of music in 1958, when he won the first international conductor's competition in Liverpool, England. The one hundred other contestants there represented some of the best musical talents in the West. Zubin became the youngest man in history to lead both the Vienna and Berlin Philharmonics ; and has since conducted every famous orchestra the world over.

In November 1967, Zubin Mehta made a triumphant return to his homeland to lead the Los Angeles Philharmonic in concerts in Bombay and New Delhi. Asked why he did not use the talented musicians of his own country, Zubin replied. "This is the ideal way of making music—not going to Istanbul and rehearsing *their* orchestra.... I will make my debut in Bombay with my own orchestra."

Zubin can be pardoned for adopting this tone of ownership towards the Los Angles Philharmonic, but not because the 105 members of his orchestra admire and adore him but also because on the words of the magazine, "Zubin has made the orchestra one of the best in America." Zubin has a phenomenal memory and in many other ways resembles the greatest conductor of our century, Arturo Toscanini.

Greater than Toscanini : Toscanini got his chance to conduct a great orchestra, when a famous director got ill ; Toscanini offered to conduct in his place. It is rumoured that the hall was filled with loud murmurs of disappointment from an angry audience ; and there was surprise and shock registered on members of the orchestra. But Toscanini calmly walked up to the podium and glanced at the musical score, spread open on the director's stand. Then he raised his baton, high in the air in his right hand, while with his left he shut the musical score with a loud bang. This amazed the audience and filled the musicians with consternation. Toscanini raised his face. and lowering his baton, signalled the commencement of the concert. His phenomenal memory never played him false ; and Toscanini went on to become the greatest Philharmonic orchestra conductor of our century.

Zubin's phenomenal musical memory is one of the first factors that drew the attention of his professional colleagues. He has conducted the longest and most difficult works, entirely from memory. Many have considered that he performs this fantastic feat more to impress his audience and inspire his orchestra than for any practical advantage. But Zubin explains otherwise, "There is so much to control," he says. "So many things happen on the spur of the moment ; and that is why I conduct without a score. I don't have to keep looking down every two minutes to see where I am."

Hit it Zubin : Zubin Mehta takes great delight in shocking the world and scaring his public. *Time*

magazine reports (June 1, 1970) : "Zubin Mehta is known not only for his willingness to step in where many Angelenos fear to tread, but for his ability to get away with it musically. He gambled his fame, by involving the members of the Los Angeles Philharmonic in an odd musical conjunction with Frank Zappa, at the world's premier of Zappa's *200 Motels*. The concert was held before 11,000 (Rock fans) at the UCLA Basketball Arena. This strange marriage between Rock and the Classics proved to be a stormy occasion indeed starting with Zappa's call : "All right. Hit it Zubin !" Zubin hasn't to be told twice.

24

SAROJINI NAIDU

The Nightingale of India

Sarojini Naidu was a weaver of dreams and a singer of songs, yet she abandoned poetry for politics. She blended dignity with mirth and tempered gravity with gaiety. In her was combined the traditions of the East with the progressiveness of the West. She was a staunch Indian, yet she claimed to be a citizen of the world. She was a housewife and a hostess. Young in spirit, yet wise in outlook. Motherly towards her colleagues, yet full of fun and frolic.

Sarojini Naidu was a strange mixture of tradition, philosophy, talent and idealism. Her upbringing was also under strange circumstances. Her father was a scientist with a philosophic turn of mind ; her mother was an idealist and poet. She was born and bred in Hyderabad, Deccan, but she was a Bengali. Surrounded by Muslims she was brought up in Hindu culture and belief ; she was a Brahmin by birth, yet bound by ties of love and marriage to a non-Brahmin from the South of India.

Poet at Eleven : Sarojini loved poetry ; she would

sit for hours listening to her mother's beautiful voice, reciting poetry aloud. She longed to be a poet herself; and when her dream came true, there were three poets in her family: her youngest brother, Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, her mother and herself. Their home in Hyderabad was the home of poetry and music, and there were always plenty of visitors and admirers, Sarojini wrote her first poem at the age of eleven. Sarojini Chattopadhyaya was born on 13th February, 1879. She passed the Matriculation at twelve.

In Love at Sixteen : In the stream of visitors to their house was a doctor, Govindarajulu Naidu. He enjoyed listening to Sarojini's jokes and delighted in her poetry recitations. One day he came to see Sarojini's father very early in the morning. The father was surprised, called him inside the house and questioned him. "I have a request to make," said the doctor hesitatingly. The Professor was amused at the doctor's hesitation and tried to put him at ease. "Very well, so you have a request to make ! Do you want something from me or my wife ?" At last the doctor spoke out, "It is about Sarojini. I wish to marry your daughter, Sarojini," said the doctor in a low voice. The professor was speechless. Then he made signs to Dr. Naidu to sit on the sofa beside him.

"Now listen to me very carefully, doctor," he said. "My Sarojini is only sixteen years old. She is a Brahmin and a Bengali. You are not a Brahmin and from Andhra. You are a clever doctor and you are good man; but that is not enough to ensure happiness

for my sweet Sarojini. I have to refuse your request." Dr. Naidu got up. He left the house dejected but not despondent. He was confident that he would win her in the end.

Sarojini sent to England : Sarojini's parents prayed to God for guidance. Finally they decided to send her to England for higher studies. Then she would be too busy winning a degree to think about marriage. She sailed to England in 1895, and joined King's College in London, but she liked poets better than professors. She spent hours wandering in the fields, surrounded by white daisies and yellow buttercups.

While her college companions played games, she played with the animals and birds in the park. While other girls of her age were day-dreaming of boy friends, Sarojini was dreaming of birds and butterflies. She wrote little poems about Nature : about how she wished she was a flower, so the bees would suck the honey from her lips. Her companions enjoyed reading her poems.

Sarojini meets a Poet : One of her college friends invited her home and introduced her to Edmund Gosse, an English poet. He liked her poems very much but he advised her to write about Indian topics rather than English subjects. Sarojini was delighted and began writing poems about Indian scenes and customs. She wrote about the *pipal* and the pomegranate, the *champak* and the lotus, the birds and the bangle-sellers in the bazaars :

Bangle-sellers are we who bear
Our shining load to the temple fair.
Who will buy our delicate, bright,
Rainbow-tinted circles of light ?
Lustrous tokens of radiant lives
For happy daughters and happy wives ?

After three years, she returned to India. At nineteen, she had already won fame as a charming and fiery orator. Her father embraced her. He hoped that she had forgotten about Dr. Naidu ; but he found out that she was still very fond of the doctor. She was married in 1898, and had four children.

Sarojini meets Gandhiji : In 1902, the great Indian leader Gokhale had urged, twenty-three year old Sarojini, to join in the fight for India's freedom: "Consecrate your life, your talent, your song your speeches, your dreams to Mother India !" Twelve years later she met Gandhiji in England. After much searching, she found his house in London. The door was open. Sarojini peeped in and burst out laughing, for this is what she saw : "A little man, with a shaven head, seated on the floor, on a black prison blanket. He was eating messy meal of squashed tomatoes and olive oil, out of a wooden prison bowl. Around him were small tins containing roasted groundnuts and tasteless biscuits of dry plantain flour."

She only stopped laughing when Gandhiji looked up and chuckled : "Ah-ha ! You must be Mrs. Naidu," he said. "Who else would dare to be so

irreverent. Come in and share my meal." "No, thanks," she said sniffing mischievously. "What a mess of a meal!" They both laughed ; and thus began a life-long friendship. Gandhiji became her teacher and her inspiration.

From Poet to Patriot : When Sarojini's first book of English poems was published in England, she won both fame and fortune. It was the year 1905 when Jawaharlal Nehru was sixteen, and in England for higher studies, Sarojini was twenty-six and in Calcutta. Was she reading her charming poems in public ? No ! she was using her fiery oratory to rouse the people of India against the foreign British rulers. She went about the country urging Indian women to take social work ; and she pleaded for Hindu-Muslim unity.

To help the Annie Besant Home Rule movement she went to London, and pleaded India's cause before members of the British parliament. She asked that Indian women be given the right to vote. Later she was sent to Kenya in East Africa to help the Indians fight against foreign domination there in 1924. Her success caused the people of South Africa to invite her ; she went eagerly and continued the great work Gandhiji had begun with his famous *satyagraha* movement of non-violence.

In 1925, she became the first Indian woman to be elected President of the Indian National Congress. She combined poetry with patriotism in her inspiring message : "Come my soldiers ! I'm only a woman, only a poet. But as a woman, I give you the weapons of faith and courage and the shield of

fortitude. And as a poet, I unfurl the banner of song and sound the bugle call to battle. Thus shall I strive to kindle the flame that shall awaken you from slavery !" In 1928, Sarojini went to America. She captured the heart of America by her sunny smile, her gift of song and charming speech.

Sarojini was sent to prison several times with other Indian leaders. But even in prison Sarojini was cheerful and gay : and when people asked her how she could be cheerful behind prison bars, separated from her home and family, she used to reply, "Happiness lies within us. We can be happy anywhere and everywhere if we *want* to be happy."

India Greets the Free World : On 15 August 1947, when India won Independence, the Nightingale of India was chosen to greet the world from the Delhi Broadcasting Station. She forgot politics and spoke like a true poet : "O world of free nations, on this day of our freedom we greet you ! O world of nations not yet free, on this day of our freedom, we pray for your freedom in the future ! Nations of the world, I greet you in the name of India. Do you speak peace or wisdom ? Do you seek shelter or succour ? Do you seek love and understanding ? Come to us in faith, come to us in hope, come to us believing that all gifts are ours to give."

She was appointed Governor of Uttar Pradesh. Three days before her seventieth birthday she felt unwell. She died on 3rd March 1949. Her soul, like a winged-bird flew joyously to her home in heaven. The angels must have rejoiced as they welcomed her there—this poet, this patriot, this

woman dedicated to truth, to justice and freedom ; this lover of gay laughter, this loving wife and gay mother, this noble woman of a noble land—Mother India !

Many were the public speeches and press eulogies that followed her death. Yet Jawaharlal Nehru's simple tribute is the sincerest and sweetest of them all :

"Sarojini began life as a poet. She did not write much poetry with pen and paper; but her whole life was a poem and a song. Let that be her Epitaph !"

25

GONSALO GARCIA

India's ambassador to Heaven

At regular intervals, India appoints ambassadors to establish friendship and represent her in foreign countries. The choice of ambassadors is always a difficult task ; and finding one to represent the country in the 'Court of Heaven' is a complex task indeed. Fortunately for India, many just and good men at regular intervals, leave the shores of the Motherland, and these saintly people act as India's ambassadors in 'the Court of Heaven'. One of these ambassadors is Gonsalo Garcia, a Maharashtrian.

Bombay is specially proud, because Gonsalo is a son of the soil, born in Bassein, 30 miles north of Bombay city. Gonsalo was educated in a Jesuit school at Bassein Fort. At sixteen he accompanied a band of Jesuit priests to distant Japan on a mission of friendship and goodwill. Thus he got his first training in the art of ambassadorship.

Popular with the Japanese : Gonsalo's love for social service soon won him the admiration and

esteem of the Japanese. No candidate of the diplomatic corps can hope to win success in that career unless he is able to identify himself with local customs and become proficient in languages. To Gonsalo was always surrounded by children; he told them of the legends of faraway India. Gonsalo had desired to consecrate himself to God as a priest; but this desire was not then fulfilled.

Successful in Business : He decided to enter businees and settled down in Alacao as a merchant, in 1582. Though only twenty-five his amiable nature, his sincerity and integrity as a businessman quickly made him one of the successful businessmen in the town. Leading Japanese businessmen traded with him, and in a short time he opened branches in other Japanese cities.

His extensive business frequently took him to foreign ports. In Manila in the Phillipines, Gonsalo stayed in the House of the Franciscans, an Order that had been founded by Francis of Assisi. Gonsalo was attracted by the simple life of the Franciscans and their loving care of the poor. So he stayed with them whenever he visited Manila on business.

Won the Emperor's Patronage : Gonsalo's fame as a businessman of enterprise attracted the attention of the Emperor of Japan. Because of his business efficiency, integrity and pleasant manners, he won the patronage of the Emperor. Due to his frequent visits to the palace he came in closer contact with the Emperor, and soon won his confidence.

One of the difficulties of people in high positions is to successfully guard against shrewd and cunning

flatterers, sycophants and self-seeking opportunists. It is only natural therefore for a person of integrity, sincerity and saintliness to become the confidant of those in high positions. The Emperor's patronage made Gonsalo a wealthy and influential businessman, and the envy of his rivals.

Gonsalo gives up Fame and Fortune : Power and riches held no attraction for Gonsalo. His heart's desire was to spend all his time and effort in getting people to know and love God. In order to devote himself entirely to the service of God, Gonsalo decided to become a Franciscan and live in the monastery at Manila.

When the Emperor learned that Gonsalo had devoted himself to God's service as a Franciscan, he was perplexed. He pondered for long; how it could be possible for a man at the pinnacle of fame and popularity to give it all up, and choose a life of poverty, simplicity and service. The Emperor was full of praise for Gonsalo's generous spirit and courageous action.

When it became widely known that Gonsalo had left business to become a Franciscan, letters poured into Manila imploring him to return to Japan. So Gonsalo, accompanied by three other Franciscans, left for Japan. Here they were given land and the official permission of the Emperor to instruct the people and look after the poor.

Opened up Hospitals : While the people admired the selfless service of Gonsalo's group, they were astounded and full of admiration when the Franciscans opened up hospitals for leprosy victims

who had always been treated as outcasts, with nobody to look after them. Gonsalo's contact with the Japanese Emperor became less and less frequent, and finally ceased when Gonsalo, in the company of Peter Baptista, left for Nagasaki, to open hospitals for the poor, homes for leprosy victims, schools and orphanages.

Died a Martyr : All this only increased the jealousy of the local religious groups. Since they were unable to accuse the Franciscans of sin or greed of power and wealth, they accused the foreigners of bringing in a new religion which was dividing the loyalty of the Japanese people.

They argued that there were already too many religious sects in the country and these Christians, being foreigners, should be sent away. The Emperor asked, "How many religious sects are there in Japan at present ?" "Thirty-five," came the reply. "If Japan can tolerate thirty-five religious sects, surely it can tolerate thirty-six. Leave the visitors in peace and follow their noble example instead of envying their good work."

Since this ruse failed, they tried another trick. They spread rumours among the nobles and army officers. They insinuated that Spain had won her vast empire by sending priests ahead of her armies, to act as spies and spread disloyalty among the people. When the rumours reached the Emperor, he refused to believe them, suspecting their source. But when his advisers warned that there might be some truth in these rumours, he begen to have doubts.

Gradually, esteem gave way to fear ; and forgetful of the good works that had been done, the Emperor gave orders that they should be arrested. The Japanese authorities, egged on by the enemies of the Franciscans, lost no time in arresting all foreign priests. Then came the order for their execution as spies.

On January 3, 1597, Gonsalo Garcia along with his companions and co-workers were taken from Miako to Nagasaki. There on a hill at Nagasaki, these innocent victims were falsely accused, raised on crosses, and speared to death. In 1852, Gonsalo Garcia was raised to the high honour of a saint of the Catholic Church. He became India's first canonized saint. And as India's ambassador to Heaven, he stood before the throne of God in a blaze of glory.

In Ghas, Bassein, about thirty miles from Bombay, a Church has been dedicated to Saint Gonsalo Garcia. Every year on 5th February, thousands of pilgrims flock to the shrine to offer homage to Gonsalo and implore his help for themselves and their loved ones.

Here again is an example of how an individual, without high education or specialized training, can bring honour to his country and serve humanity. Gonsalo Garcia succeeded in doing this even when engaged in profitable business. It was not so much his efficiency and enterprise but his integrity, sincerity and zeal in the service of God and man, which won the admiration of those with whom he came in contact. All of us can do the same.

26

EDGAR WALLACE

A literary legend

Even before many of the readers of this book were born, I was reading *The Angel of Terror* by the greatest best-selling author of our century. Even today his books sell by the million as they did forty years ago. From his phenomenal pen poured a successful stream of detective novels, crime stories, articles, plays and journalistic work with incredible and constantly increasing rapidity.

Towards the end of his life, he earned to the value of twelve lakhs of rupees a year. These huge sums unfortunately were always spent, sometimes even before they were received ; and Wallace died with a debt of 35 lakhs of rupees. How can this be explained ?

A Reckless Gambler : Wallace was incurably extravagant and a reckless gambler. He had to have at his command a huge fortune by driving himself to ever increasing heights of creative frenzy. His literary career had a dual aim, fame and fortune. Authors generally are pre-occupied with the judge-

ment of posterity ; but Wallace lived for the present. Where most writers are satisfied with reaching thousands of readers, Wallace aimed at millions.

He was born in 1875. His mother, Polly Richards, was an obscure actress. He was named Richard Horatio Edgar ; and in the Parish Register of the Catholic Church his father's name was entered as Walter Wallace, Comedian. Because of her extreme poverty, Polly asked a couple in the neighbourhood to look after Edgar for a small weekly sum. Later, when she could not even afford this small payment, George Freeman and his wife adopted the child.

He attended school till they found him a job in a printing firm at the age of twelve. This was the first of a long succession of jobs ; then he met a sailor, and at the age of fifteen signed up as a ship's cook for one year on a trawler. As the trawler ploughed through the rough seas, buffeted by angry gales, up and down the North Sea, Edgar concealed his deficiencies as a cook by real and pretended bouts of sea-sickness. Two months later when the trawler returned with a catch of fish, Edgar deserted the ship at Grimsby and walked back to London. He received a warm welcome from Mrs. Freeman.

Reading books from the circulating libraries had fired his imagination, so he decided at eighteen to see the world. He enlisted for seven years in the army Army life, with its discipline and strengthening food helped him to grow up. Transferred to Aldershot to the Medical Staff Corps on higher pay, he spent his money and leave on exciting evenings in the theatre and the music halls of London.

He had a taste of the theatre. The catchy songs haunted him ; and he often amused himself by writing his own lyrics to popular melodies. These parodies won him quick popularity at canteen concerts and gave him the idea of writing a song for his London Music Hall hero, Arthur Roberts. The first of his dreams came true when the song was accepted ; Edgar determined to go to London to hear it sung on the stage.

But Wallace was refused leave, so he simply walked out of the camp one afternoon. Wonder-struck by his windfall to the value of Rs. 70 as payment for his song, he spent five days at the theatre and had a rollicking time in London. He got four days imprisonment for his escapade. This incident, however, won him the admiration of the camp doctor, and he was soon promoted to Second Class Orderly.

Sent to South Africa : In Africa, he was posted at Simonstown Hospital. He joined the lending library conducted by a Wesleyan missionary, Rev. William Caldecott. The Caldecott family took a liking to Edgar and encouraged him. Marion Caldecott, a woman of intellect and charm, chose his books for him and was determined to see his genius flourish.

When Edgar sold a few contributions to South African papers, Ivy Caldecott, shy and sheltered, became his greatest admirer. In spite of her father's disapproval, Edgar and she got engaged. To his good fortune, the famous writer Kipling was to arrive in

South Africa. Edgar wrote a poem in the *Cape Times* imitating Kipling's style. Kipling was delighted and invited him to a farewell dinner at a City Club. His parting words, Edgar confided to his diary : "For God's sake don't take to literature as a profession. Literature is a splendid mistress, but a bad wife."

The great man's advice went unheeded ; and the Kipling encounter was used to widen his contacts with Members of Parliament, Editors and literary professionals. He bought his way out of the army and was discharged in May 1899. In October, the Boer war broke out and Edgar got a job with Reuter News Agency. He hastened to the front ; but red-tape kept him behind the lines, and his cables to Reuter, at a shilling a word, had to be brief. He supplemented this small income by mailing out long descriptive accounts to various London newspapers.

His First Novel : Success seemed to desert him, and marriage brought him little happiness. On his return to London, he worked with several newspapers. He wrote his first novel *The Four Just Men.* Edgar sold the publishing rights of his first twenty-eight novels for a lump sum of the value of Rs. 1,000 each, without royalties. Then an agent, who realised that Edgar worked best under pressure, got Hodder and Stoughton to put Edgar on a six novel contract per year on a royalty basis. Edgar almost fifty, kept up the pace, and in ten years wrote forty-six novels.

His torrential literary output amounted to 150

works in 27 years. Yet he seemed remarkably idle and was a familiar figure at race-courses and the theatre. In his office, he worked with a fierce concentration, as ideas flowed effortlessly from his mind. His literary output was so prodigious that scoffers accused him of using others (ghost writers) to keep up his phenomenal record. These rumours kept on piling, and pursued him to the end of his life even though he had offered a reward valued at Rs. 66,000 to anyone who could prove that all his work was not his own.

Wallace found dictation most convenient ; but his pace resulted in many errors of fact in his articles and improbabilities in his fiction. Yet the force of his style, and the hair-raising suspense, kept his readers gripped. Despite the horrors that filled his crime fiction, Wallace based his plots on a reassuring world, in which justice is always triumphant and the sexual morality of the criminals are above reproach. "There is so much nastiness in modern literature it makes me physically sick," Edgar once remarked in an interview. "Hence I like to write stories which contain nothing more than a murder or two. The horror is only superficial and introduced mainly to keep up the suspense and tension.

Trip to Hollywood : Edgar's trip to America was made when the U.S.A. was in the grip of gang war, much more violent than in Wallace's crime stories. The obliging police of Chicago took him on a tour and showed him Al Capone's headquarters and other spots of underworld notoriety. On his return to England, he wrote a play "On the Spot" based on

his experience in America. He wrote for four days at a stretch, without sleep or rest. It proved to be one of his best plays. Edgar's speed now increased, and his literary production grew to fantastic limits. But overwork and a relentless acceleration of pace made him irritable and restless. Yet he kept up this pace for forty years.

But the pressure had reached its pitch ; and the delicate mechanism of brain and nerve gave him a warning which he refused to heed. He was so flushed by flattery, and engrossed in a round of pleasures, that he failed to see the writing on the wall. Then in 1931, he suddenly found himself in debt. He tried to retrieve his fortune by accepting an attractive offer from Hollywood. But his health failed him. His incessant drinking of sweat tea, at half-hour intervals during working hours, had led to diabeties. He was very lonely in Hollywood and longed to return to England, to witness his play "The Green Pack" at Wyndham's Theatre.

Then Wallace was stricken by pneumonia and lapsed into a coma. No one knew when death took over ! His body was taken to England on the *Berengaria*, with the Union Jack draped over him. Gone was the hustle and bustle of a lifetime lived in a hurry ; in the silent state room, dignity reigned supreme. As the liner glided into Southampton, the flag was flying at half-mast, every flag in the harbour fluttered gently down to salute him. The bells of Fleet Street tolled in honour of this literary giant, and Wyndham's Thetare was cloaked in darkness and a strange silence. Edgar Wallace had come home to rest.

27

PELE

Wizard of World Soccer

What a combination ! A millionaire who is the idol of sport fans the world over ; a mild mannered Negro who wins battles against bullies ; a professional who cannot be bought ; a sportsman who is the property of the Nation: Never shall the world see his like again !

How and why he got the name of Pele is still a puzzle for his real name is Edson Arantes de Nascimento. In July 1970, when his team took the Jules Rimet trophy to Rio, Pele was more popular than the President of Brazil. At thirty Pele is the most adored sportsman in the world. Songs have been composed in his honour ; while countless books describe his skill at soccer and tell of his meteoric rise to world fame and a fabulous fortune.

Model for Teenage Fans : Painfully aware of his potential public influence especially on teenagers, Pele neither smokes nor takes alcohol while his teammates toast their World Cup victories in champagne. Pele is satisfied with a glass of water.

He is mild mannered and always obliging and considerate of the needs of other. Remembering his childhood days in the smuls, Pele bought several houses where poor families of his home-town stay rent free. He gave his parents an apartment house and sends 2,000 dollars a month.

Poor but Pushy : Poor children should learn from Pele not to envy their rich neighbours, but make use of what they have. Pele started to play soccer by using a rag-stuffed sock-ball. His father, a fairly good soccer player, started training him as soon as he could walk. At eleven, Pele drew the attention of Waldemir de Brito.

Brito trained him for four years. Then took him to Santos, and presented him to the Club declaring: "This boy will become the greatest soccer player in the world!" The following year Pele proved the prophecy true, by winning the World Cup for the Santos Club of Brazil in 1958 and again in 1962.

Many attempts were made to lure him away from Brazil's team ; but the most tempting offers failed to shake his loyalty to his Club and to his country. When three leading Italian Clubs, pooled to offer to 2,000,000 dollars to the Santos Club, to release Pele from his contract, it was considered a national crisis. The president of Brazil acted swiftly : he designated Pele a national treasure—and of course he could no more be exported.

Enter the Bullies : In 1966, Pele was badly injured by bullies in some opposing teams. Brazil lost the Cup and Pele decided to keep away from the World Cup contest rather than be crippled for life.

But in 1970, Pele was persuaded to play. Why did he agree ? Probably to enable Brazil to win the Jules Trophy for the third time, also give Brazil permanent possession of the world's most coveted Sports Cup. Now that he has succeeded, his task is done and his obligation over. He can now retire.

28

NEIL ARMSTRONG

He conquered the moon for man

On 20th July 1969, footsteps crushed the lunar soil—symbolic of man's conquest of the moon. This triumphant success of man's greatest adventure fulfilled the ambitious goal set by U.S. President John F. Kennedy eight years earlier. It closed the first chapter in the history of man's exploration of outer space, started by Russia's Yuri Gagarin in the first single orbit round the earth on 12th April 1961.

"I haven't cried or prayed for twenty years," exclaimed Arthur Clarke, the celebrated writer of modern science fiction, "but I did both today; for it is the perfect last day of the old era." No other event in history has received such enthusiastic applause and attention as the flight of Apollo 11. Every country in the world covered the event through its press, radio and T.V. in scores of languages, from the moment of launching to the splashdown.

• **First Man on the Moon** : From the dawn of creation man has looked at the moon with varied

reactions—first with fear, then with curiosity, and finally as a challenge. Did anybody dream, or could anybody have predicted, who would be the first man to set his footprints on the moon? "Reaching for the moon" is now no more used to express a dream that cannot be fulfilled. For Neil Armstrong, recalling his 131-minute walk on the moon regretted that there was "for too little time to do the many things we would have liked to have done." He compared his visit to the moon to "the problems of a little kid in a candy store—so many things to choose from and too many things to see."

Neil Armstrong is a shy and diffident individual, although he makes an efficient astronaut. He was born on August 5, 1930. At the age of two, he visited the local airport with his family. At six he accompanied his father for his first airplane ride. Then he made the first model airplane. Hundreds more were to follow, for Neil had no time for comic books; he devoured books and magazines on aviation. At seven, he started part-time work cutting grass, and helping as a junior mechanic in the local airport when he was fifteen. He started flying lessons at fifteen; on his sixteenth birthday he earned his pilot's licence; but he had yet to learn to drive a car.

A Close-up of the Moon : Soon he started visiting a neighbour and took to his hobby of star gazing. Neil cannot say why he seemed to be attracted to one particular area on the moon's surface—the Sea of Tranquillity. He was to get the answer 23 years later; when he stepped down on firm ground on that same Sea.

Unlike many adventurers, Neil proved a bright student from the very start. He read ninety books during his first year in school, and so jumped the next class. He was not keen on athletics but was interested in other student activities. At seventeen, he studied aeronautical engineering at the University. He had to break off to join military service in Korea, where he won three medals for bravery, before returning home to complete his studies in 1955.

His friends called him shy; but he proved much bolder than his companions, by proposing to and marrying Janet Shearon, the College beauty queen. At the time of the moon flight, his two little sons Eric and Mark, showed no undue excitement at their father's unusual feat.

Armstrong took to flying and did a test flight in the famed X-15 rocket-plane at 3982 m.p.h. at an altitude of 2,07,500 ft.—both records at that time. In 1959, when a manned spaceflight programme was in its infancy, Armstrong was attracted and in 1962 joined the astronauts—the first civilian to be admitted. Asked what he thought of his accomplishment in Apollo 11, Neil remarked : "If historians are fair, they won't see the flight like Lindbergh's. They will recognise that landing on the moon is only one small part of a great and glorious programme in the conquest of the universe."

The Flight of Apollo 11 : Within 12 minutes of the lift-off, Apollo 11 shot into Earth orbit. It circled for two and half hours to make sure that the vehicle was moon-worthy. At 12.16 p.m. they started their journey to the moon at a speed of 24,200

m.p.h. Mission Control radioed to the astronauts : "You're on your way now !" That way was eagerly being watched by a network of communication that stretched around the earth and above it—from huge antennas at Gladstone, California, Madrid, Spain, Canberra, Australia ; 117 ground stations, 4 U.S. navy ships, 8 planes—all receiving and transmitting vital bits of data that would spell triumph or disaster to the Mission. At 10.33 a.m. on Thursday, Apollo 11 reached midway between earth and moon—1,20,003 miles from its starting point. It was now cruising at a speed of 3080 m.p.h. this 48-ton spaceship which had started at 24,200 m.p.h.

The Lucky Three : Each of the three astronauts realised the privilege and the peril of man's first lunar landing. Command Pilot Neil Armstrong, 39, had been preserved by Fate for this Mission. At Korea, he had crashed his panther Jet behind enemy lines, but escaped a day later ; as a civilian test pilot in 1962, he had plummeted towards the earth, when the rocket engine in his X-15 failed to start. It caught on just in time. As Command Pilot of Gemini 8 in 1956, he had to cut short the scheduled three-day flight, when an emergency occured after 10 hours. And finally he had to eject from a lunar-landing research vehicle, at an altitude of only 100 ft. when it was about to crash. There was no denying that Neil Armstrong was destined for the moon. His companions were, Edwin Aldrin, 39, Luna Module Pilot and Michael Collins, 38, who was to have been a member of the Apollo 8 crew but needed surgery at the time of launching.

While American teenagers were busy collecting pictures of sportsmen, Olympic champions, crooners and cinema stars, Neil Armstrong collected pictures of airplanes and pilots. He studied the biographies of the Wright Brothers and everyone connected with flying. He even tried to buy a surplus war plane with his savings, but his parents, knowing that he was only 14, cancelled the order. Neil did many part-time jobs in order to earn enough money for flying lessons at nine dollars an hour. At 16 he was a full-fledged air pilot.

A Big Surprise : If you are under the impression that the astronauts to the moon were paid fabulous sums, you will be surprised to learn that in return for their sacrifice of 2,000 hours in training for that lunar mission, they would have to suffer a pay-cut during their eight days trip to the moon. Just imagine ! Neil Armstrong, who was allowed a daily allowance of 16 dollars for travelling while on earth, had his travelling allowance cut down to 4 dollars per day, during his lunar trip. And why ? Because during this period, he was considered as enjoying free board and lodging at Government expense.

The Apollo 11 astronauts, placed messages of goodwill from 73 heads of States ranging from Afghanistan to Zambia. In additon to the flag of the United States, they placed on the moon five medals honouring the Soviet and American astronauts who died in the quest for space conquest. The Russian medals were given by the widows of the Russian Cosmonauts, Col. Yuri A. Gagarin—first man in space—and Col. Vladimir M. Komarov, who

died in 1967 when the parachute of his space-craft fouled and he plunged to the earth.

In spite of their tension and the tedious tasks, they had to eat. So Mission Control had provided them with sixty different dishes. Earlier astronauts had to squeeze their food from aluminium tubes. But Neil and his companions dined on freeze-dried food. They could even cook their meals by inserting a small amount of hot water into the package of chicken and rice. The food tasted quite normal, with the actual flavour of bacon, chicken, etc.

A Free Show from Space : On Thursday night the astronauts staged a performance. They gave a running account of what they could see from their spaceship. For 21 minutes they described the earth as they saw it. On the fourth day, at 8.32 a.m. they were awakened by Mission Control. Armstrong and Aldrin crawled into the lunar module, *Eagle* soon to be their new home. Then it was time to separate, and the historic descent started. Came the message from *Eagle*, "We're going !" Then came the final descent : 700 ft.....400.....300.....

Meanwhile the world watched in wonder. Through T.V., millions all over the globe lived through the experience. U. S. President Nixon spoke for them all. "It was the longest 22 seconds in my life." Finally, came Armstrong's triumphant announcement, loud and clear: "Houston. Tranquillity Base here. The *Eagle* has landed," It was 4.17.43 p.m.—about one and half minute earlier that the landing time calculated by Mission Control many months ahead.

What a triumph for science, for U.S. planning preparation ! There were cheers, tears and frantic applause at Mission Control in Houston; the cigars, went round as usual, as if a new baby had been born. Pope Paul VI, watching television at the Vatican Observatory, raised his hands and exclaimed as the astronauts touched down on the moon : "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of goodwill."

History in the Making : On July 20, 1969 at 10.56 p.m., Neil Armstrong stepped into history. In Bombay we were unfortunate not to have the use of T.V. so I lay awake, listening to the radio. As Neil stepped on to the moon uttered the historic words : "One small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind," I snatched my diary and jotted down the exact time. I too wanted to be in on the making of history.

Two hours and thirty-one minutes after their picnic on the moon, Armstrong and Aldrin climbed back into the *Eagle*. The world sighed with relief, but no one stopped praying. What use would it be if they stepped on the moon but did not return to earth ? Janet Armstrong when she saw her husband on the moon exclaimed : "I can't believe it is really happening !" Joan Aldrin called it "Unreal" and Pat Collins "Marvellous, fantastic !"

Mission Accomplished : The journey to the moon concluded as flawlessly as it had begun. On July 24 at 5.41 a.m. there were shouts of "There it is, there it is !" from the *USS Hornet*. For a split second, a tiny orange speck, shot through the skies, shimmering against the thick purplish clouds. As Apollo 11

came streaking through the atmosphere of the earth, the history of man's conquest of space was coming to an end. The capsule containing the astronauts dropped into the pacific, only 1.7 miles off its prescribed target. Now the words of president J.F. Kennedy were recalled with pride as his pledge, made in 1961, was fulfilled. The U.S.A. had landed man on the moon before the decade was over.

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